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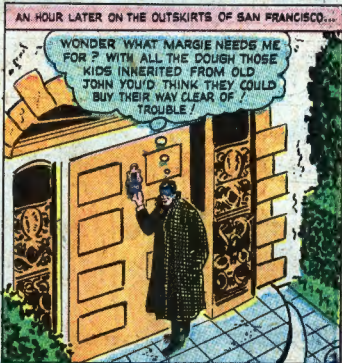
THE STORY OF PAT COLLINS, THE
SAN FRANCISCO PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
WHO CRACKED THE WEST COAST'S BIGGEST
FRAME-UP IN 1933!

"THE FRAME-UP THAT FAILED!"

5786



THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE HAS BEEN GLORIFIED IN FICTION -- BUT IN REALITY HAS OFTEN BEEN A HINDRANCE TO THE SMOOTH OPERATION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! BUT THERE HAVE BEEN CASES IN WHICH THE QUICK THINKING OF A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR HAS AIDED IN THE CONVICTION OF A SLICK CRIMINAL! SUCH AN INVESTIGATOR WAS PAT COLLINS, WHO OPERATED IN SAN FRANCISCO IN THE THIRTIES...



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



HELLO, MARGIE...
I GOT YOUR LETTER
TODAY AND DROVE
RIGHT OVER!

PAT! IT'S
GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!
I HOPE IT'S
NOT TOO LATE...
PLEASE COME IN!



I HAD TO SEE YOU
ABOUT MY BROTHER!
SINCE FATHER DIED
DON... HAS GONE
WILD... GAMBLING
LIKE A FOOL!
CARE FOR A
SMOKE? THEY'RE
IMPORTED!

NO,
THANKS...
JUST
FINISHED
ONE! TELL
ME ABOUT
DON!



DON IS FRANTIC WITH
WORRY! CARLOS, THE
GAMBLER, IS PRESSING
HIM FOR PAYMENT ON
HIS IOU'S! THIS AF-
TERNOON DON TOOK
ONE OF FATHER'S
GUNS AND RAN OUT,
THREATENING TO
KILL HIM!

CARLOS IS
A NASTY
GUY TO
FOOL
WITH!
OKAY,
MARGIE...
I'LL SEE
WHAT I CAN
DO! MAYBE
I CAN GET CARLOS
TO HOLD OFF
ON DON!



MEANWHILE, IN AN APARTMENT ON
SOUTH STREET, ACROSS TOWN...

LISTEN, CARLOS... YOU
KNOW I CAN'T PAY OFF
THOSE IOU'S UNTIL I
GET MY MONTHLY
ALLOWANCE! WHAT
ARE YOU CROWDING
ME FOR?

TOUGH,
KIDDO! WHY
NOT SIT IN
ON A GAME
AND WIN
THEM BACK,
MAYBE!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL
PLAY! MAYBE
I'LL HAVE A
LITTLE LUCK
FOR A CHANGE!

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT, KIDDO!
DEAL 'EM,
ANDY!



IT HAPPENED IN THE FIRST HAND...
JUST A SLIGHT SLIP, BUT DON CAUGHT IT!

WHY... YOU CROOK!
DEALING THEM
FROM THE BOTTOM
OF THE DECK!

WHO YOU
CALLING A
CROOK!



LUCK DOESN'T STAND A
CHANCE IN THIS GAME,
DOES IT!

YOU CRAZY FOOL,
YOU'LL GET THE
CHAIR FOR THAT!



OH, NO!... HE'S DEAD!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN
TO ME NOW? WHAT
WILL I DO? I...
I DIDN'T MEAN
TO...

IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE
TO BE SORRY NOW, KIDDO!
LISTEN, THROW THAT ROD
IN THE RIVER AND HIDE
OUT A WHILE! MAYBE
I CAN COVER THIS UP!
NOW, BEAT IT!

WITH CARLOS' ADVICE HURRYING HIM, DON RAN OUT! A SERIES OF TROLLEY RIDES, AND...

WHAT AN IDIOT I AM! BUT I GUESS CARLOS IS A GOOD GUY AT THAT, HELPING ME OUT LIKE THIS! HAVE TO GET RID OF THIS GUN BEFORE SOMEONE COMES... THEN GET OUT OF TOWN!

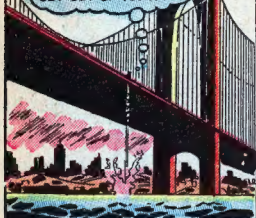
BUT IN THE MEANTIME CARLOS HAS PLAYED THE GAME HIS WAY, AND...

SAY, WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT IN CARLOS' JOINT?

HELLO, PAT! YOU MISSED THE DOINGS... THAT CONKLIN KID JUST BUMPED OFF ANDY LEFFER DURING A CARD GAME!... GO IN AND TAKE A LOOK!

YEAH, HE CAUGHT ANDY CHEATING AND SHOT HIM! CONKLIN RAN... BUT WE HAVE THE DRAGNET OUT FOR HIM!

THE DEALER, EH? THAT'S FUNNY... CARLOS IS THE GUY WHO LIKES PHONY DEALS! DON'T RING ME IN ON THIS, YOU TWO-BIT PRIVATE EYE!



BROTHER, YOU ASKED FOR THAT!

EASY, PAT! SOME DAY YOUR MITTS WILL GET YOU IN TROUBLE!

YOU'LL GET IT FOR THAT! I WON'T FORGET IT UNTIL I GET YOU!

YOU BETTER FORGET IT OR I'LL WRAP YOU IN A KNOT! AS LONG AS I'M ON THIS CASE YOU'D BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM ME!



OUTSIDE, IN A CORNER DRUGSTORE...

LISTEN, ANGEL... MEET ME AT CARLOS' PLACE AT MIDNIGHT! BRING MY SKELETON KEYS ALONG... THE COPS'LL TAKE HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING, SO WE'LL BE ALONE!

RIGHT, PAT! I'LL BE AT THE APARTMENT ON THE DOT!

SO, THAT NIGHT, AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE...

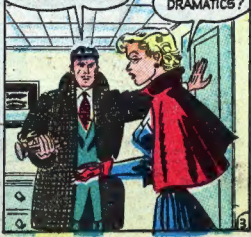
RIGHT ON TIME, ANGEL! GIVE ME THE KEYS... I WANT TO LOOK OVER CARLOS' APARTMENT!

HERE... BUT PLEASE KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! I DON'T WANT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR!

THEN, A MOMENT LATER...

THE NEIGHBORS HEARD ONLY ONE SHOT! LOOKS BAD FOR THE KID SINCE HE RAN OFF! NOW, ANGEL... YOU STAND OVER WHERE DON WAS WHEN HE FIRED THE SHOT!

CAN'T SEE WHAT GOOD THAT'S GOING TO DO! THEY GOT HIM COLD! WHY ALL THE DRAMATICS?





BECAUSE I SMELL SOMETHING FISHY, THAT'S WHY... LET'S SEE... YOU'RE DON AND I'M THE DEALER! HMM... SOMETHING'S CAUGHT IN THESE DRAPES!

WHAT IS IT, PAT?



JUST A LITTLE WAD OF PAPER, BUT IT'S ENOUGH! FIND SOMETHING?

UH-HUH! A CIGARETTE WITH LIPSTICK ON IT! WANT TO SEE IT?



AN ODD LOOKING CIGARETTE! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO WORK ON, NOW! LET'S GO!

YEAH... I WOULDN'T WANT CARLOS TO CATCH US HERE!



NEXT MORNING...

MR. WILSON? I'M PAT COLLINS, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, REPRESENTING MARGIE CONKLIN! I WANT TO KNOW THE DETAILS OF HER FATHER'S WILL... YOU HANDLED IT, DIDN'T YOU?

WHY, YES! SIT DOWN, MR. COLLINS... I'LL TELL YOU!



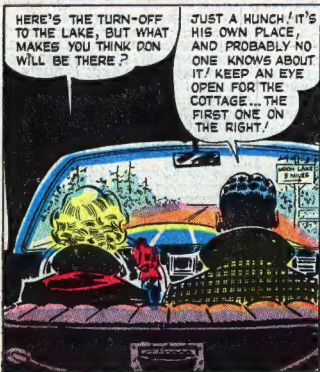
SO, YOU SEE... EACH GOT A HALF MILLION, ALLOTTED IN MONTHLY PAYMENTS! DON RECEIVED THE FISHING SHACK AND PROPERTY ON MOON LAKE IN HIS OWN NAME! HE AND HIS FATHER WERE VERY FOND OF THE PLACE!

FISHING SHACK! THANK YOU... THIS MAY BE JUST WHAT I NEED!



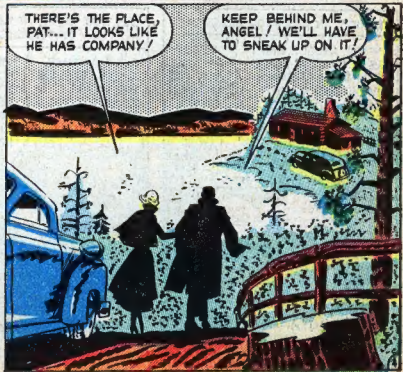
HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, PAT? WAS HE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A LEAD?

WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH! GET ON TO THE TURNPIKE AND DRIVE NORTH! WE'RE GOING TO MOON LAKE!



HERE'S THE TURN-OFF TO THE LAKE, BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK DON WILL BE THERE?

JUST A HUNCH! IT'S HIS OWN PLACE, AND PROBABLY NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT IT! KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE COTTAGE... THE FIRST ONE ON THE RIGHT!



THERE'S THE PLACE, PAT... IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS COMPANY!

KEEP BEHIND ME, ANGEL! WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK UP ON IT!



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE COTTAGE...

BUT WHY? YOU SNEAK IN HERE... TIE ME UP... AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME! DON'T... PLEASE! TAKE ME TO JAIL... BUT DON'T SHOOT!

SORRY, DON, BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS... AND I DON'T BUCK THE BIG BOSS...



NO... NO!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT... AH!! WHAT THE DEVIL...? COPS!



JUST A PRIVATE COP, BUD / UNTIE THE KID, ANGEL, WHILE I GET SOME INFORMATION FROM THIS SLUG!

AH, I WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE A COPPER THE RIGHT TIME!



OKAY, CHUM... LET'S SEE HOW YOU CAN HOLD OUT AGAINST THIS!

OW! YOU... CUT IT OUT... I'LL TALK!



SOME GUY HAS SOMETHING ON ME! HE SENT ME A LETTER BUT DIDN'T SIGN IT... SAID TO LOOK HERE FOR THE KID, AND SHOOT HIM! THE KID WAS WANTED ANYWAY, SO I WAS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE THOUGHT WE WAS COPS AND TRIED TO SHOOT US! IN SELF-DEFENSE I WAS TO KILL HIM INSTEAD!



AND THAT SOMEBODY KNEW JUST WHERE DON WAS, HUH? HELLO... VILLAGE CONSTABLE? GET OUT TO CONKLIN COTTAGE... GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU SHUT UP! YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY, AS IT IS!



AND, A SHORT TIME LATER...

I'M THE LAW AROUND HERE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

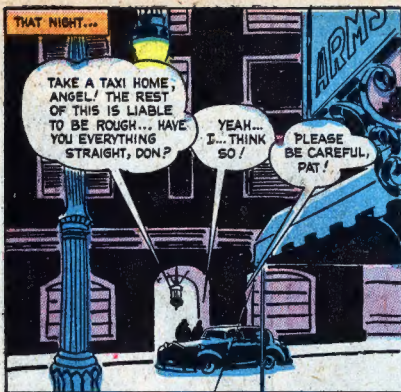
MY NAME IS COLLINS... PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR! HOLD THIS GUY FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! I'LL PUT IN A FORMAL CHARGE LATER! RIGHT NOW I HAVE THINGS TO DO!



BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M WANTED FOR MURDER, TOO! I CAN'T GO BACK!

EASY, KID! YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH US... I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN THE CAR... AND I WANT YOU TO DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU, UNDERSTAND?

THAT NIGHT...



TAKE A TAXI HOME, ANGEL! THE REST OF THIS IS LIABLE TO BE ROUGH... HAVE YOU EVERYTHING STRAIGHT, DON?

YEAH... I... THINK SO!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, PAT!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS IN CARLO'S APARTMENT...



YOU SURE PLAYED IT SMART, CARLOS! WONDER IF THEY FOUND THE KID YET...

GUESS NOT, OR I WOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED TO IDENTIFY HIM! THEY'LL FIND HIM SOON ENOUGH, THOUGH! WHAT DO YA BID?

JUST THEN...



HI, FELLERS! GOT TIRED OF HIDING OUT... THOUGHT I'D VISIT A WHILE!

EVERY COP IN TOWN IS LOOKING FOR YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING HERE?

AW, THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR ME HERE! LET'S FINISH THAT GAME WE STARTED... I GOT MORE CASH ON ME!

WELL... SURE, KIDDO! HAVE A SEAT!



LISTEN... DUCK OUT AND GET THE COPS! WE GOT HIM COLD! I'LL GET HIS DOUGH OFF HIM BEFORE YOU GET BACK! MAKE IT LOOK GOOD, NOW!

YEAH, SURE, I GET IT! ER... YOU NEED CIGARS, CARLOS? SURE I'LL GO DOWN AND GET 'EM! BE RIGHT BACK!



BUT AS THE HOOD STEPPED OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT...



I FIGURED CARLOS WOULD TRY TO GET THE POLICE IN WHILE HE KEPT THE KID COMPANY!

BACK SO SOON?

...HEY... PAT COLLINS! WHAT DO YOU WANT? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU...

YOU KNOW ME, CARLOS... I HATE ADVICE! THOUGHT I'D FIND ME A LITTLE GAME UP HERE! WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?



I DON'T GET IT! / MAYBE HE DON'T RECOGNIZE THE KID... ANYWAY, MIGHT AS WELL UNLOAD HIS WALLET TOO!

ER, THIS IS MR. ROBBINS, PAT! HAVE A SEAT... I'LL FIX YOUR POCKET BOOK FOR THE SOCK YOU HANDED ME!







* MARGIE TOLD DON THAT CARLOS WAS THREATENING HER WITH EXPOSURE IF SHE DIDN'T PAY HER GAMBLING DEBTS! THEN SHE TOLD ME HE GRABBED A GUN AND RAN OUT! MAD! BUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WAS THIS ...



* THEY DELIBERATELY MADE DON FIGHTING MAD BY LETTING HIM SEE HIS BOTTOM DEAL! RIGHT AFTER THAT HE RAN OUT, THINKING HE HAD KILLED THE DEALER!



* KNOWING THAT ONLY ONE SHOT WOULD HAVE BEEN HEARD, CARLOS DREW A SILENCED GUN AND...



* DON HAD FIRED A BLANK FROM THE GUN MARGIE GAVE HIM! I FOUND THE PAPER WAD STUCK IN THE DRAPES! WE FOUND ONE OF HER FOREIGN CIGARETTE BUTTS AND KNEW SHE HAD CHECKED WITH CARLOS! CARLOS DITCHED HIS GUN SO NO ONE COULD TRACE THE BULLET, LEAVING DON A PRIME SUSPECT! BUT WHEN THEY TRIED TO HAVE DON KILLED, THAT CLINCHED IT! MARGIE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHERE THE SHACK WAS!



AND SO THE CASE OF DON CONKLIN CAME TO A CLOSE! JOE CARLOS WAS ELECTROCUTED ON MARCH 10TH, 1933 FOR THE MURDER OF ANDY VERTAS... MARGIE CONKLIN WAS SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR HER PART IN THE AFFAIR, AND DON CONKLIN WAS COMPLETELY EXONERATED! AS FOR PAT COLLINS, HE MARRIED HIS SECRETARY, "ANGEL" BENNETT, A WEEK AFTER THE CASE ENDED AND IS NOW IN THE EMPLOY OF THE WEST COAST INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT AS A LEGAL AIDE!

THE END

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GEORGE HADDON AND DUDLY HANOVER

BORN 1917 IN N.Y.C.
DIED MARCH 3, 1940

BORN 1903
IN JERSEY CITY
DIED SEPT. 28, 1940

THE MAN WHO **DIED** TWICE!

GEORGE HADDON THOUGHT HE HAD PLANNED A PERFECT CRIME...BUT HE DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT DUDLY HANOVER WOULD MAKE HIM THE VICTIM!

5222

THIS IS KINDA FUNNY! BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A MURDER VICTIM ESTABLISHED AN ALIBI FOR HIS MURDERER!

BASED ON
A
TRUE
STORY!

GEORGE HADDON, THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF A ONCE RESPECTED FAMILY, HAD DRAGGED THE HONOR OF HIS NAME INTO THE ETERNAL TWILIGHT OF THE UNDERWORLD! EARLY IN 1940 GEORGE HADDON TOOK THE FINAL STEP ON THE DOWNHILL ROAD, WHICH PUT AN IGNOBLE AND VIOLENT END TO THE STORY OF HIS WASTED LIFE!

THAT FINISHES ME! GUESS YOU GENTLEMEN WILL ACCEPT AN IOU, TO COVER MY LOSSES!

GUESS AGAIN, HADDON! THE BOSS IS MIGHTY SICK OF COLLECTIN' YOUR AUTOGRAPHS! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE RIGHT AWAY!

I BEEN COUNTIN' UP YOUR IOU'S, HADDON! YOU OWE ME 5 GRAND! THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT OF DOUGH! I'M GETTIN' WORRIED ABOUT IT!

DON'T WORRY, LARKIN! YOU'LL GET PAID!

YOU BET YOUR SWEET LIFE I'M GETTIN' PAID... AND I'M GETTIN' PAID RIGHT NOW! MY POLICY IS CASH!

THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL START CHANGING YOUR POLICY! I'LL PAY WHEN I GET GOOD AND READY!

LISTEN, YOU CHEAP PUNK... I DON'T LIKE JOKES! I WANT MY DOUGH, EVERY PENNY OF IT! YOU AIN'T GOT IT NOW, SO I'M GIVIN' YOU SIX MONTHS TO GET IT... SAVVY?

URRGH! LET ME GO!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

NEVER MIND THE ROUGH STUFF! WHAT IF I DON'T PAY IN SIX MONTHS? ARE YOU GOING TO SUE ME? A GAMBLING DEBT ISN'T CONSIDERED A LEGAL DEBT!

YOU AIN'T UP ON THE FACTS OF LIFE... ARE YOU? MEBBE I OUGHT TO TELL YOU... I MAKE MY OWN LAWS!

AND I GOT LOTS A BOYS TO SEE THAT MY LAWS ARE CARRIED OUT! IN SIX MONTHS YOU PAY ME FIVE GRAND... SEE... OR YOU WIND UP ON A MORGUE SLAB! MY BOYS ARE GOOD AT TURNING WELSHERS INTO COLD MEAT!

WHO DOES THAT HOP-HEAD LARKIN THINK HE IS? I OUGHT TO SHOW HIM WHAT I THINK OF HIS THREATS BY REFUSING TO PAY HIM A NICKEL!

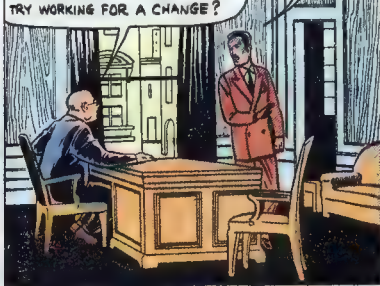


BUT MAYBE HE MEANT WHAT HE SAID--HE'S GOT A BAD REPUTATION! NO--I'D BETTER NOT TAKE CHANCES! I'LL DROP IN AT THE BANK AND SEE IF I CAN SCARE UP THE MONEY!

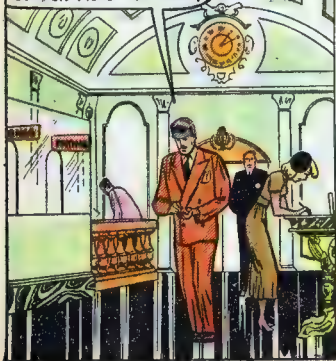


SORRY, MR. HADDON, BUT AS FAR AS ANY BANK IN THIS TOWN IS CONCERNED, YOUR CREDIT IS LESS THAN NOTHING! WHY DON'T YOU TRY WORKING FOR A CHANGE?

OH, SAVE THE SERMON... YOU BORE ME!



THAT'S THAT! IF I ONLY HAD AN ANNUITY... BONDS... OR EVEN LIFE INSURANCE... I'D BORROW MONEY ON THAT!



LIFE INSURANCE! YES, YES! IT WOULD BE A LITTLE DIFFICULT, BUT IT MIGHT WORK! *MIGHT* WORK? IT *WILL* WORK! IT'S *GOT* TO WORK!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! I'LL CALL DUDLEY HANOVER... HE'LL HELP ME WORK IT OUT!



THAT EVENING GEORGE HADDON OUTLINED A DARING PLAN TO DUDLEY HANOVER, AN ACQUAINTANCE NOT OVERBURDENED WITH SCRUPLES!

I'LL TAKE OUT A 3000 DOLLAR POLICY WITH A DOUBLE INDEMNITY FOR VIOLENT DEATH! I'VE NO RELATIVES, SO I'LL NAME YOU AS MY BENEFICIARY! YOU'LL BE MY COUSIN!

YEAH? THEN WHAT?



I FAKE MY OWN DEATH! YOU COLLECT THE 10,000 DOLLARS! THEN... I'LL TURN UP AND WE'LL SETTLE!

AND WHAT'S IN THIS FOR ME?



I'LL CUT YOU IN FOR A THOUSAND! INTERESTED?

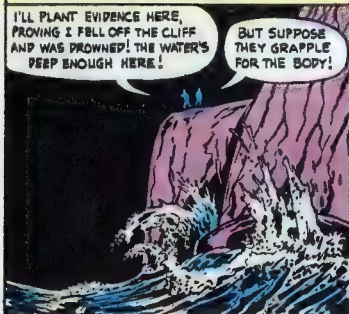
FOR A GRAND I'D FRAME MY OWN GRAND-MOTHER! COUNT ME IN!



AND SO, THREE MONTHS AFTER ISSUANCE OF THE POLICY ON HIS LIFE, GEORGE HADDON WAS READY TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO ACTION!

I'LL PLANT EVIDENCE HERE, PROVING I FELL OFF THE CLIFF AND WAS DROWNED! THE WATER'S DEEP ENOUGH HERE!

BUT SUPPOSE THEY GRAPPLE FOR THE BODY!



THE CURRENTS HERE ARE UNUSUAL! THE ODDS ARE A HUNDRED TO ONE THAT A BODY WOULD BE CARRIED OUT TO SEA! IT'S A PRACTICAL IMPOSSIBILITY FOR IT TO REMAIN HERE OR EVEN BE WASHED ASHORE!

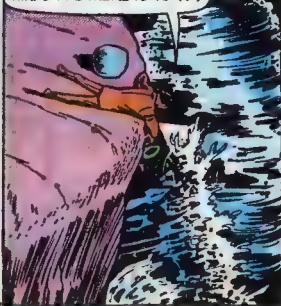
WHAT ARE YOU RIPPING YOUR WATCH OFF FOR? YOU BROKE THE STRAP!



MY FIRST PIECE OF EVIDENCE! MY NAME'S ENGRAVED ON THE BACK! IT'LL LOOK AS IF THE WATCH GOT CAUGHT AND WAS RIPPED OFF MY WRIST WHEN I SLIPPED!

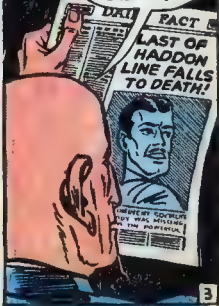


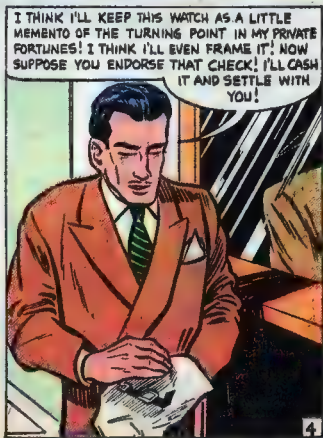
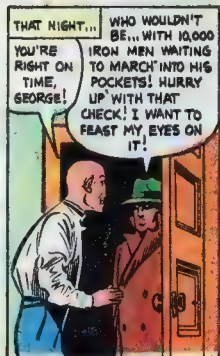
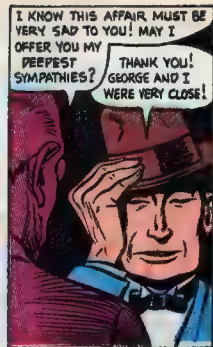
AND MY HAT CAUGHT ON THIS BRANCH WILL CINCH IT! NOW ALL YOU DO IS WAIT UNTIL MY TRAGIC "DEATH" IS DISCOVERED... AND COLLECT THE INSURANCE! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

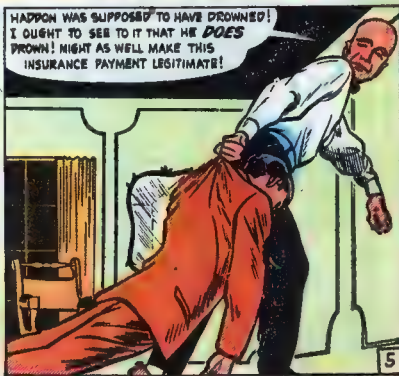


TWO DAYS LATER...

WELL, WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? HM! GUESS THIS IS MY CUE TO CASH IN!



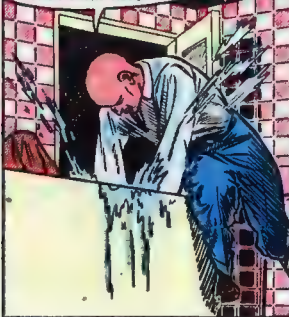




I'LL DO MY PRELIMINARY WORK HERE! THE SOONER I SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD, THE BETTER!



IN YOU GO, BUSTER!... WHEN I'M THROUGH HERE, I'LL TOSS HIS CARCASS INTO THE OCEAN, RIGHT AT THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DROWNED TWO MONTHS AGO!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

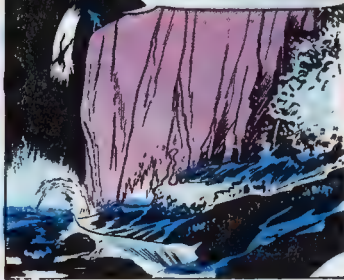
NOBODY SAW ME SNEAK THE CORPSE INTO THE TRUNK / ONE HOUR, AND HADDON WILL BE GONE FOR GOOD, AND THE TEN GRAND WILL BE MINE WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED!



EVEN IF THEY FIND THE BODY, THEY AIN'T GOT A THING ON ME! IT'LL BE PERFECTLY NATURAL... AFTER ALL, THE DOPE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DROWNED TWO MONTHS AGO!

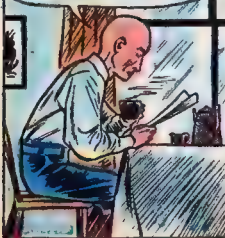


THIS IS KINDA FUNNY! BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A MURDER VICTIM ESTABLISHED AN ALIBI FOR HIS MURDERER!



FOR TWO WEEKS DUPLY HANOVER LIVED LAVISHLY ON THE PROCEEDS OF HIS CRIME! AND THEN ONE MORNING... A DREADED HEADLINE FROZE HIS HEART IN HIS CHEST!

WELL I'LL BE...! HADDON'S BODY WAS WASHED ASHORE! A HUNDRED TO ONE CHANCE... AND IT'S GOT TO HAPPEN TO ME!

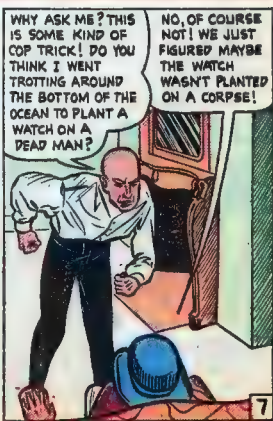
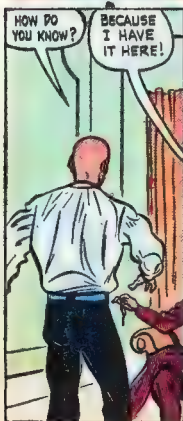
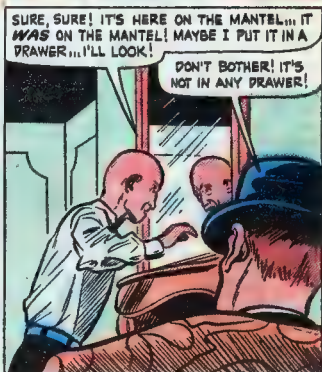
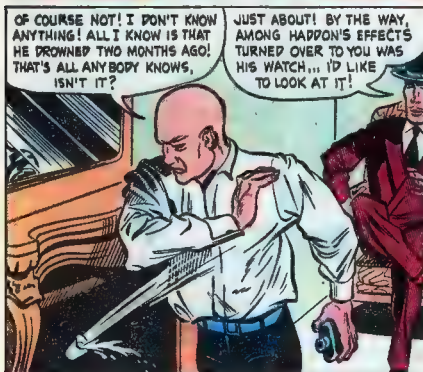
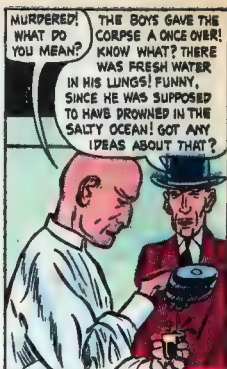
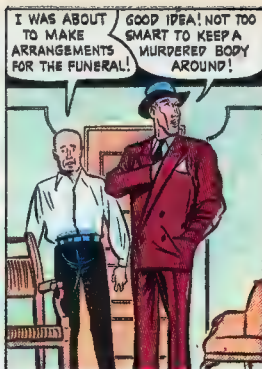


THE COPS'LL PROBABLY CONTACT ME... I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEXT OF KIN! BUT THEY'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! AFTER ALL, HADDON DIED BY DROWNING, JUST LIKE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ACT DUMB!



WHAT TH...? IS THAT THE COPS ALREADY? THEY DON'T WASTE MUCH TIME!





WE FIGURED IT MIGHT OF HAPPENED SOMETHING LIKE THIS! MAYBE HADDON DIDN'T DROWN AT ALL THE FIRST TIME... JUST FAKED IT! THEN THE BENEFICIARY, THAT'S YOU... BEGAN TO THINK IT WAS A SHAME TO HAVE TO SPLIT THAT TEN GRAND WITH A BIRD EVERYBODY THOUGHT WAS DEAD ANYWAY!



AT FIRST THIS WAS JUST A SUPPOSITION WE HAD! THEN... FINDING THE BODY SEEMED TO PUT YOU RIGHT IN THE CLEAR... EXCEPT FOR THE WATCH! WE KNEW IT WAS YOUR HANDS AFTER THE SO-CALLED FALL... SO HADDON MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND HERE ALIVE FAIRLY RECENTLY, IN ORDER TO PUT IT IN HIS POCKET! THEN... DISCOVERING THE FRESH WATER IN HIS LUNGS GAVE US A SLANT ON HOW YOU'D DONE HIM IN! IT WAS THE WATCH THAT WRAPPED THE MURDER AROUND YOUR NECK, HANOVER!



MAYBE IT HAPPENED THAT WAY, BUT YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! THAT INFORMATION'S NOT LEAVING THIS ROOM!



WHEN THEY FIND YOU YOU'LL BE SO FULL OF LEAD IT'LL TAKE A CRANE TO LIFT YOU!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, HANOVER!

THIS IS IT, COPPER! TOO BAD I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO SAY A FEW PRAYERS!



...AND THAT'S THAT! I GUESS MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE THAT CHEAP BOHUNK PLENTY OF TIME TO SAY HIS OWN PRAYERS BEFORE THEY SHOOT THE JUICE THROUGH HIM!



WHEN WILL THESE PUNKS LEARN THAT THE ONLY THING YOU CAN GET OUT OF MURDER IS THE HOT SQUAT! THEY NEVER SEEM TO STOP TRYING... BUT THEY ALL WIND UP THE SAME WAY!



AND DUDLEY HANOVER PAID WITH HIS LIFE ON SEPT. 28TH, 1940 IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

THE END

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

\$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

PAUL ALOYSIUS DYORAK



With aliases: Leon Wayne Cooper, Percy Fry, Albert King, Allen P. Quin, "Doc"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 37, born December 19, 1911 at Winner, South Dakota; Height, 5' 9"; Weight, 185 pounds; Eyes, Gray-green with large pupils; Hair, light brown; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium heavy; Race, white; Nationality, American.

Education, high school; Occupations, former, printer, dishwasher, male orderly, porter, night watchman; Scars and marks, 1" scar right elbow, $\frac{1}{2}$ " scar right palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ " scar left wrist, small mole on left temple, mole on chin, birthmark of 1" left side of back of head, left and right little fingers bluish since birth. Distinguishing characteristics, sometimes wears mustache, limp from partial amputation of big toe and second toe on left foot.

EXTORTION

CRIMINAL RECORD

Paul Aloysius Dyorak has been arrested on several occasions on charges which include counterfeiting and extortion. He has also escaped from the Jacksonville State Hospital at Jacksonville, Illinois, and twice from the Nebraska State Hospital at Lincoln, Nebraska, the last time being January 1, 1947.

CAUTION

DYORAK IS DANGEROUS AND MAY BE ARMED

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Peoria, Illinois, on February 8, 1948, charging Paul Aloysius Dyorak with a violation of Section 324a, Title 18, United States Code, in that he did send threatening letters through the United States Mail.

Fingerprint Classification: 26 1 1 U OOI 72

M J U OOI



ANTONIO TAVERA

With aliases: Miguel Leon Rico, Antonio Vera, Miguel Rico-Losa

DESCRIPTION

Age, 32, born September 6, 1916, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico; Height, 5' 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; Weight, 135 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, Mexican; Occupation, bartender, laborer, stenographer; vertical cut scar center of forehead.

Scars and marks, (5)

ASSAULTING AND KILLING A FEDERAL OFFICER

CAUTION

TAVERA IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS AND MAY BE ARMED

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, June 27, 1948, charging the subject, as Miguel Leon Rico, with killing a patrol inspector of the Immigration and Naturalization Service while said inspector was engaged in the performance of his official duties.

Fingerprint Classification: 19 O 31 W HO 16
O 20 W OMM



ALBERT ENOS BERRINGER, JR.

With aliases: Albert Ballin, Bert Irish, Frank Shipley, Albert Enos Weston

DESCRIPTION

Age, 52, born November 16, 1898, Franklin, Pennsylvania; Height, 5' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; Weight, 173 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, brown; Teeth, several missing upper, lower. Complexion, medium; Build, stocky. Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupation, porter, garageman, truck driver, Scars and marks, cut scar right side of abdomen, nose broken, cut scar right side of abdomen, nose broken.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

Berringer has been arrested on several occasions since 1918 on charges including robbery with firearms, forgery and the operation of a confidence game. On July 16, 1942, a Federal Grand Jury at Denver, Colorado, returned an indictment charging him with transporting a stolen automobile from Denver, Colorado to Bellinger, Texas, on or about May 13, 1942, in violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act.

Fingerprint Classification: 18 O 26 W IMO 16
L 28 W OOI

25
Ref:—
28

POLICE FILE NUMBER 612797!

"FOR WEEKS I COULDN'T SLEEP, JUST THINKING OF THOSE FAULTY SHELLS GOING THROUGH! IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD, BUT THE WAR WAS ON--KIDS' LIVES WERE AT STAKE! THE ONLY SECURITY I HAD WAS THE FACT THAT WRIGHT WAS TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEM, BUT NEVERTHELESS I FELT A SENSE OF GUILT..."

FAULTY SHELLS! SHOULD'N'T HAVE DONE IT! RESPONSIBLE! WRIGHT RESPONSIBLE!

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

THE STRANGE DEATH OF EMMET WRIGHT!

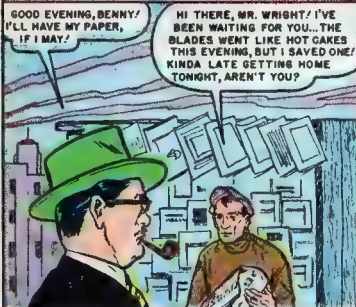
BORN 1896

DIED 1943

WHenever a suicide occurs the police must make a routine report about it...SUCH A REPORT IS FILE #612797! EMMET WRIGHT (FICTITIOUS NAME, TO SPARE EMBARRASSMENT TO HIS FAMILY, STILL LIVING) WAS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF HIS COMMUNITY...WEALTHY, ADMIRER, AND RESPECTED! AND YET, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 12, 1943, EMMET WRIGHT TOOK GUN IN HAND AND KILLED HIMSELF! THIS THEN IS THE STORY BEHIND POLICE FILE #612797...THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN WHO HID HIS MISDEEDS FROM SOCIETY, BUT COULDN'T HIDE THEM FROM HIMSELF!

5673

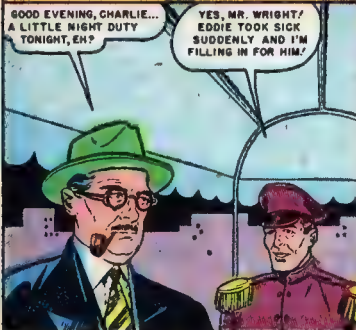
...ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1943, AT APPROXIMATELY 7:30 P.M., EMMET WRIGHT LEFT HIS BROKERAGE FIRM ON WALL STREET AND PROCEEDED TO HIS FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT. HE MADE HIS CUSTOMARY STOP AT THE CORNER NEWS STAND FOR THE EVENING PAPER...



TESTIMONY OF THE NEWSDEALER, BENNY ZABOWITZ, ESTABLISHED THE FACT THAT ALTHOUGH THIS WAS A DAILY PROCEDURE, WRIGHT DID ARRIVE AT THE NEWSSTAND SOME FIFTY MINUTES LATER THAN USUAL!



THE DOORMAN, CHARLES MILLER, GREETED WRIGHT AND RECALLED IN DETAIL THE CONVERSATION HELD WITH HIM AT APPROXIMATELY 8:16 P.M.:



THEY NEVER MADE THEM ANY BETTER THAN MR. WRIGHT! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR FIVE YEARS AND HE'S ALWAYS HAD A KIND WORD TO SAY!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

TOMMY DAVIDSON, A YOUTH WHO OPERATED THE ELEVATOR IN WRIGHT'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DISCLOSED THAT THE CONVERSATION HELD WITH WRIGHT DEALT WITH THE WEATHER AND BASEBALL...

GOSH, MR. WRIGHT, IS IT RAINING OUT THERE? TOMORROW IS MY DAY OFF AND I WAS PLANNING TO GO TO THE BALL GAME!

NO, TOMMY, IT HASN'T STARTED YET! IN FACT, IT'S RATHER A NICE EVENING OUT! BUT REMEMBER, SON, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF BALL GAMES-- I WOULDN'T BE TOO DISAPPOINTED IF THIS PARTICULAR GAME WAS RAINED OUT!

NO BARRERS

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. WRIGHT. WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO WORRY OVER IT ANYWAY. THANKS FOR THE ADVICE!

THAT'S THE BOY! GOOD NIGHT, TOMMY!

THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LAST THREE PEOPLE TO SEE WRIGHT ALIVE, ALL WITHIN THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE HIS DEATH, OFFERED NO CLUE TO THE STATE OF MIND OF THE DECEASED!

QUESTIONING OF WRIGHT'S CLOSE FRIENDS AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES ESTABLISHED HIS PERSONALITY AS BEING EXTREMELY RESERVED! IT WAS AGREED, IN GENERAL, THAT WRIGHT HAD BEEN A LIKEABLE PERSON, DESPITE HIS NUMEROUS ENEMIES!

WITHIN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES OF WRIGHT'S DEPARTURE FROM THE ELEVATOR, A LOUD GUN BLAST WAS HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR...

TENANTS AND NEIGHBORS OF WRIGHT BECAME ALARMED AND RUSHED INTO THE CORRIDOR. THEIR TESTIMONIES LEADING UP TO THE FINDING OF THE BODY HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED ON RECORD FILE #618797.

GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A GUN SHOT!

I HEARD IT, TOO! I COULD'VE SWORN IT CAME FROM THE CORRIDOR!

NO! IT CAME FROM MR. WRIGHT'S APARTMENT! MY APARTMENT IS RIGHT BESIDE HIS AND THE SOUND CAME THROUGH THE WALL!

I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

BANG!

WRIGHT'S BODY WAS FOUND AT 9 P.M./POLICE WERE CALLED WITHIN MINUTES AFTER THE DISCOVERY...

OH! I THINK YOU LADIES HAD BETTER LEAVE!

PERHAPS WE CAN HELP HIM... HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE! SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!

TENANTS J.M. PETERSON AND MALCOM WESTPORT REMAINED WITH THE BODY UNTIL POLICE ARRIVED AT 9:18 P.M./ALTHOUGH THEY OBSERVED THE CORPSE CLOSELY, THEY NEITHER MOVED NOR TOUCHED ANY OF THE ARTICLES IN THE ROOM!

I'M AFRAID HE'S DONE FOR! THE BULLET PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART!

-POOR DEVIL/MUST HAVE BEEN INSTANT DEATH!

I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED MR. WRIGHT TO DO SUCH A THING? HE ALWAYS APPEARED SO HAPPY AND CONTENT.

I COULDN'T SAY! HE WAS THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD WHOM I'D EVER EXPECT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

THE LIFE OF EMMET WRIGHT

UNTOUCHED BY THE SHOCKED NEIGHBORS WAS A BOOK, LYING NEAR THE DEAD MAN! A BOOK WHICH THE POLICE LATER LEARNED WAS THE KEY TO THE DEATH OF EMMET WRIGHT! A BOOK WHICH WAS THE BASIS OF POLICE FILE NUMBER 612797!

INTRODUCTION by ALBERT JENNINGS

I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ACCOMPANYING MY AGREEMENT TO WRITE THIS BIOGRAPHY SO THAT YOU, THE READER, WILL FULLY REALIZE THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH I TOOK THIS ASSIGNMENT...

I WAS REQUESTED TO APPEAR BEFORE EMMET WRIGHT AT HIS OFFICE SOME NINE MONTHS AGO. HIS SECRETARY INFORMED ME THAT IT PERTAINED TO AN ASSIGNMENT...

GOOD AFTERNOON... I'M ALBERT JENNINGS! YOU CALLED ME REGARDING AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. WRIGHT?

OH, YES, MR. JENNINGS! MR. WRIGHT LEFT WORD THAT I WAS TO SHOW YOU IN, THE MOMENT YOU ARRIVED!

WELL, WELL, MR. JENNINGS! SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT! I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE QUICK RESPONSE TO MY CALL!

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. WRIGHT! I MUST SAY THIS IS QUITE AN HONOR--BEING CALLED TO YOUR OFFICE! I IMAGINE THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT ON YOUR MIND!

YES, THERE IS! I'LL TELL YOU, MR. JENNINGS--MY WIFE HAS BEEN FASCINATED BY YOUR WRITING! IT SEEMS AS THOUGH YOUR BOOKS ARE IN EVERY CORNER OF THE HOUSE! AS A RESULT SHE HAS INSISTED THAT YOU BE THE FIRST AUTHOR I CONTACT!

I APPRECIATE YOUR WIFE'S KINDNESS, MR. WRIGHT, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! JUST WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT! MY WIFE'S BEEN AFTER ME FOR MONTHS TO HAVE MY BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN! IT'S FINALLY COME TO THE POINT WHERE I HAVE TO GIVE IN TO MAINTAIN PEACE IN THE FAMILY! WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN THE JOB, JENNINGS? I'M WILLING TO PAY PLENTY TO HAVE THE JOB DONE PROPERLY!

FRANKLY, I'M HONORED! HOWEVER THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO CLEAR UP! YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TO DO A BIOGRAPHY!

THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE WISH TO EMBROIDER THINGS IN THEIR PAST AND COVER THEM OVER INDISCRIMINATELY! I DON'T WORK THAT WAY, MR. WRIGHT! IF I'M TO TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT IT'S TO BE AGREED THAT I WRITE A TRUE HISTORY OF YOUR LIFE! NOTHING BARRED!

HA! HA! I LIKE YOU JENNINGS! VERY WELL, IT'S AGREED! NOW, IF YOU'LL STEP OUTSIDE AND SEE MY SECRETARY, SHE'LL GIVE YOU SOME DATA REGARDING MY PAST SO THAT YOU CAN GO TO WORK IMMEDIATELY!

WHEN I LEFT HIS OFFICE I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OR FORE-WARNING OF JUST WHAT THE FUTURE HELD FOR ME! HAD I KNOWN THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW, I WOULD NEVER HAVE KEPT MY APPOINTMENT WITH EMMET WRIGHT THAT DAY!



"THESE WERE THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH I ACCEPTED THE ASSIGNMENT. I WENT HOME AND STAYED UP ALL NIGHT SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO BEGIN RESEARCH... I DECIDED TO START WITH WRIGHT'S EARLY CHILDHOOD. ALTHOUGH HIS MOTHER WAS DEAD, HE HAD A BROTHER DAVID... LIVING SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY..."



"...IT WASN'T EASY TO FIND HIM, BUT AFTER SCOURING THIRD AVENUE FOR THREE DAYS, I FINALLY LOCATED HIM. HE WAS A PATHETIC SIGHT..."

SAY, HAS A FELLOW BEEN AROUND HERE BY THE NAME OF WRIGHT--DAVID WRIGHT? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT I CONTACT HIM!

SURE, MAC/ HE'S IN HERE EVERY DAY ABOUT THIS TIME... THERE HE IS!



HOW DO YOU DO/ I BELIEVE YOU'RE DAVID WRIGHT/ I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO WRITE YOUR BROTHER'S BIOGRAPHY, AND I'D APPRECIATE ANY INFORMATION YOU COULD GIVE ME REGARDING HIS EARLY LIFE!

HA/ SO NOW HE'S HAVING HIS BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN/ SURE, I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HIS EARLY LIFE!



WELL, THANKS, IF YOU JUST SORT OF RAMBLE ON, I'LL PICK UP THE IMPORTANT PARTS!

I WAS TWENTY-ONE, THOUGH, I RETURNED HOME/ I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY!

I CAN'T GO BACK TOO FAR/ WE WERE SO POOR IN THOSE DAYS THAT IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO LIVE AT MY AUNT'S/ WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE, THOUGH, I RETURNED HOME/ I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY!



I'M DAVID WRIGHT/ WHAT'S GOING ON HERE--A WEDDING OR SOMETHING?

DAVID WRIGHT/ WHY, OF COURSE, I AM AWFULLY SORRY, SON, BUT YOUR MOTHER'S TAKEN ILL. I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO RIGHT UP!



GOSH, MOM, WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY WRITE ME?

IT'S NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, DAVID/ BEFORE I GO THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME... IT'S EMMET/ I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT EVERYTHING I WANTED FOR A SON, AND FROM NOW ON IT'S GOING TO BE UP TO YOU TO SEE THAT HE MAKES GOOD... PROMISE ME/ OH-N...



SHE'S GONE. POOR SOUL!

I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD LEAVE NOW/ I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE!

OF COURSE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY EMMET ISN'T HERE/ HER OWN SON AND HE'S AWAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS BEFORE EMMET ARRIVED/ MY MIND WAS NOTHING BUT A MASS OF CONFUSION AFTER ALL THESE YEARS--BEING AWAY FROM MOTHER--AND TO ARRIVE WHEN SHE DIED/ IT WAS TOUGH TO TAKE ...

WHY, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD--DAVID, OF ALL PEOPLE/ HOW YOU DOING, FELLOW?

HELLO, EMMET!



THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BAD, DAVID/I'VE BEEN PICKING UP SIXTY...SEVENTY BUCKS A WEEK, AND MOM'S GOT A JOB AS SCRUBWOMAN DOWN AT THE FENTLEY BUILDING/ SHE WOULD HAVE TO TAKE SICK NOW, JUST WHEN WE'RE REALLY CATCHING SOME DOUGH!

DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW SHE IS, EMMET?



SURE, SURE, HOW IS THE OLD GIRL?

SHE'S DEAD/ I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU LET AN OLD WOMAN LIKE THAT RUN AROUND SCRUBBING FLOORS WHEN YOU'RE PICKING UP SIXTY OR SEVENTY DOLLARS A WEEK!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? EVERYBODY'S GOT TO GO SOME-TIME/ SO MOM HAD A TOUGH BREAK/ BESIDES, I'VE GOT ENOUGH CASH IN THE BANK TO...

SHUT UP, EMMET, OR I'LL BUST YOU RIGHT IN THE FACE!



I COULD HAVE KILLED HIM RIGHT THEN AND THERE, BUT I REMEM-BERED MOTHER'S LAST WORDS/ I FIGURED HE WAS REALLY A SICK BOY, AND I VOWED TO DO EVERY-THING IN MY POWER TO STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT...

YOU'RE TAKING THIS TOO HARD, DAVID/ NOW LISTEN, THERE'S A GARAGE I INTEND BUY-ING TOMORROW/ WHY DON'T YOU AND I SLIDE IN AND DO BUSINESS TOGETHER? WE CAN REALLY CLEAN UP/ REMEMBER, MOTHER WANTED IT THAT WAY AND I COULD USE SOME ASSISTANCE!



AFTER THE FUNERAL, EMMET PURCHASED THE GARAGE AND I WENT TO WORK WITH HIM KEEPING THE BOOKS/ BUT FROM THE FIRST I NEVER LIKED THE WAY HE HANDLED THEM...

YOU'RE WORKING TOO SLOW, JOE/ I GUESS YOU'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER SPOT TO WORK IN/ I WANT ONE THING OUT OF YOU MEN--SPEED/ YOU CAN'T MAKE MONEY IF YOU FIDDLE WITH A CAR ALL DAY!

GOSH, MR. WRIGHT--GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE/ AT LEAST GIVE ME A WEEK'S NOTICE/ I'VE GOT A FAMILY TO SUPPORT...THEY WON'T EAT UNLESS YOU GIVE ME A BREAK!



YOU DON'T DESERVE A BREAK/ THE ONLY PERSON THAT GETS A BREAK IN THIS WORLD IS THE MAN THAT MAKES HIS OWN/ NOW CLEAN UP THAT MESS YOU MADE OUTSIDE AND GET OUT OF HERE!

STOP IT, EMMET!



IF YOU AND I ARE GOING INTO BUSINESS TOGETHER, WE'RE GOING TO GET ONE THING STRAIGHT NOW/ NONE OF THIS MUSCLE BUSINESS WITH THE MEN/ THEY ALL HAVE FAMILIES TO SUPPORT AND THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SEE THEM HALF WAY!

PERHAPS WE'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE, DAVID/ I BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING SOFT TOO/ WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE WALK FOR YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE?



BROTHER, I WILL!



THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW EMMET EXCEPT FOR HIS PICTURES IN THE PAPER! HE'S QUITE A BIG MAN YOU KNOW, MR. JENNINGS!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY ROUGH! BUT HOW DID HE GET INTO THE MUNITIONS BUSINESS?



I'M AFRAID I'M NOT THE ONE TO TELL YOU THAT--YOU'D BETTER LOOK UP HERBERT SWAINE! HE'S THE ONE THAT PUT UP TWO-THIRDS OF THE MONEY AND WENT INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH HIM... HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO TELL YOU!

I APPRECIATE THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GONE TO IN TELLING ME THIS, DAVID! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN LOCATE THIS HERBERT SWAINE? HE MUST HAVE SOLD OUT TO YOUR BROTHER! AT LEAST, HE'S NOT ON RECORD AS BEING A PARTNER IN THE WRIGHT MUNITION WORKS!



I'LL SAY HE ISN'T! YOU CAN FIND HERBERT SWAINE IN A JAIL CELL IN THE WILTON PENITENTIARY! I BELIEVE HE'S DOING FIFTY YEARS! HEY, BARTENDER, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER!

THANKS AGAIN, DAVID! I'LL LOOK UP THIS MR. SWAINE AND SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



I LEFT IMMEDIATELY FOR THE WILTON PENITENTIARY! THE LIFE OF EMMET WRIGHT SUDDENLY HELD A FASCINATION FOR ME, AND I WAS MORE ANXIOUS THAN EVER TO GET TO THE ROOT OF IT...

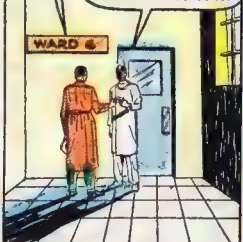
HOW DO YOU DO! I'M ALBERT JENNINGS! I'D LIKE TO SEE A PRISONER--HERBERT SWAINE!

SWAINE'S BEEN ILL FOR SEVERAL MONTHS! HE'S OVER AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL... I'LL GIVE YOU A PASS!



YOU HAVE A MAN HERE IN THE WARD NAMED SWAINE, I BELIEVE! WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO SPEAK TO HIM?

WELL, I IMAGINE IT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON TO VISIT HIM IN SEVERAL MONTHS! HE'S VERY ILL, YOU KNOW... I SUGGEST YOU DON'T BE TOO LONG!



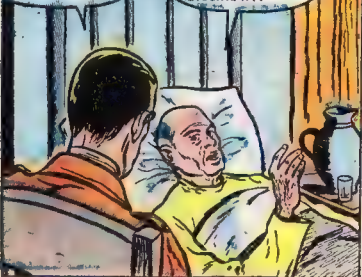
I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. SWAINE! I'M ALBERT JENNINGS AND I'M WRITING THE BIOGRAPHY OF EMMET WRIGHT! ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE TO OFFER WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED!

WHAT KIND OF INFORMATION WOULD YOU WANT? I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO SPEAK ABOUT HIM... PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LOOK ELSEWHERE!



I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE A PARTNER OF HIS! SURELY YOU MUST BE ABLE TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON HIS PAST LIFE!

VERY WELL--YOU ASKED FOR IT, MR. JENNINGS! I'M SURE WHEN I'M THROUGH TELLING YOU WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EMMET WRIGHT, YOU'LL OMIT IT FROM HIS BIOGRAPHY!



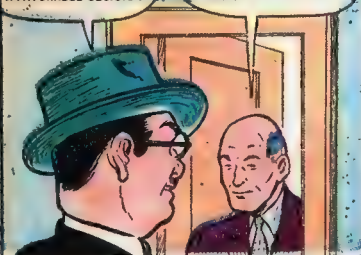
WRIGHT CAME TO ME IN 1937 WITH A STUPENDOUS PROPOSITION! I HAD JUST INHERITED A SIZABLE SUM OF MONEY AND AS SOON AS WRIGHT FOUND OUT ABOUT IT, HE LOST NO TIME IN CONTACTING ME!



"EMMET WRIGHT PAID ME A CALL ONE EVENING. HE WAS BLOSSOMING WITH SMILES, BUT HE WAS A RESPECTED BUSINESS MAN AND I HAD LITTLE CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS MOTIVE. HE HAD COME TO DISCUSS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION HE'D ASKED ME ABOUT EARLIER..."

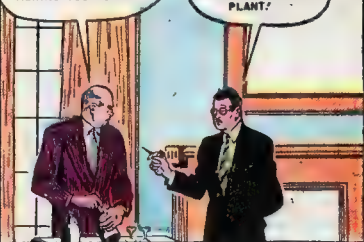
GOOD EVENING, HERB! I HOPE YOU'VE REACHED A FAVORABLE DECISION!

OH, HELLO THERE, EMMET! YES, I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER. COME ON INSIDE!



TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY TO INVEST IN A MUNITIONS FACTORY AND I'D LIKE TO BE MORE CERTAIN OF OBTAINING THOSE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS. SINCE I'M PUTTING UP TWO-THIRDS OF THE MONEY, I DON'T THINK IT'S ASKING TOO MUCH!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT... SUPPOSE I PICK YOU UP TOMORROW MORNING AND WE GO DOWN TO THE GOVERNMENT OFFICE? I HAPPEN TO KNOW SOMEONE DOWN THERE AND HE'S PROMISED THOSE CONTRACTS TO ME, SHOULD WE BUY THE PLANT?



I'M SURE YOU'LL DECIDE IN FAVOR OF OUR PARTNERSHIP ONCE YOU'VE SPOKEN TO HIM. THOSE CONTRACTS WILL BE INVALUABLE TO US... I DON'T KNOW A BETTER GUARANTEE HOW ABOUT IT, HERB?

FINE, EMMET! AFTER ALL, IT'S THE LAST CENT I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD AND I WANT TO BE SURE IT'S A SOUND INVESTMENT. UNTIL TOMORROW THEN... GOOD NIGHT!

"EMMET WAS RIGHT! SHORTLY AFTER PURCHASING THE MUNITIONS FACTORY, WE OBTAINED THE CONTRACTS. WITHIN A MATTER OF SEVERAL MONTHS WE HAD PRACTICALLY REGAINED OUR ORIGINAL INVESTMENT AND WERE WELL ON OUR WAY TO BECOMING MILLIONAIRES..."

EMMET, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! YOU'VE TAKEN MY TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AND TURNED IT INTO POTENTIAL MILLIONS!

NONSENSE, HERB! YOU'RE AS MUCH A PART OF THIS AS I AM--YOU'RE RUNNING THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION!



"THINGS RAN SMOOTHLY... THE BUSINESS FLOURISHED. CONTRACTS CAME IN FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. BUT THEN IT HAPPENED--ONE DAY I WAS JUST FINISHING UP SOME PAPER WORK WHEN BEN JOHNSON, OUR FOREMAN, APPROACHED ME..."

SAY, HERB! I WANT TO MENTION TO YOU AGAIN ABOUT THOSE FAULTY SHELLS THAT COME OUT OF WOLD #87. SOME DISFIGURATION IN THE WOLD HAS RUINED CLOSE TO A MILLION SHELLS!

GOOD HEAVENS! I MENTIONED IT TO EMMET WEEKS AGO AND HE SAID HE'D TAKE CARE OF IT. I'LL CALL HIM RIGHT AWAY, BEN!



BUT, EMMET, YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE SHELLS BEFORE WE'LL LOSE A FORTUNE ON THEM AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. ONCE WE BACK DOWN ON ONE OF THOSE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS THEY'LL WITHDRAW ALL THE OTHERS AND WE'LL BE LEFT PRACTICALLY PENNILESS!

STOP BOTHERING ME ABOUT IT AT A TIME LIKE THIS, HERB! THOSE SHELLS ARE ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S A LITTLE DISFIGURATION HERE AND THERE... YOU SHIP THEM OUT ON ORDER! THE ARMY WON'T SAY A THING ABOUT THEM--STOP WORRYING!

BUT, EMMET, YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT! WHY, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO US IF THEY EVER FIND OUT-- I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE, EMMET!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO SIT AROUND AND SEE A FORTUNE LOST, EVEN IF YOU ARE! YOU SHIP THOSE SHELLS ON SCHEDULE AND I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEM! NOW GO AHEAD, HERB, AND STOP BEING SO STUPID!



BEN! SHIP THOSE SHELLS OUT ON SCHEDULE! MR. WRIGHT AND I WILL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY!

YOU'RE CRAZY, HERB... YOU'RE PLAYING AROUND WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES! OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS! BUT REMEMBER THIS--YOU AND WRIGHT ARE RESPONSIBLE... I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT!



"FOR WEEKS I COULDN'T SLEEP, JUST THINKING OF THOSE FAULTY SHELLS GOING THROUGH. IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD BUT THE WAR WAS ON—KIDS' LIVES WERE AT STAKE / THE ONLY SECURITY I HAD WAS THE FACT THAT WRIGHT WAS TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEM, BUT NEVERTHELESS I FELT A SENSE OF GUILT..."

FAULTY SHELLS! SHOULD'N'T HAVE DONE IT! RESPONSIBLE! WRIGHT RESPONSIBLE!



I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR PARTNER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU, YOU SEE... THOSE SHELLS WERE FAULTY AND COST THE LIVES OF SEVERAL MEN OVERSEAS.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, FAULTY SHELLS / YOU DON'T THINK WE'D HAVE SHIPPED FAULTY SHELLS TO THE ARMY?



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN, I'M FROM THE INSPECTION OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, YOU HAVE A MR. HERBERT SWAINE HERE?

YES, I'M HERBERT SWAINE.



I BELIEVE THIS IS YOUR SIGNATURE, ISN'T IT, MR. SWAINE, ON THIS OKAYED SHIPMENT FOR EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND SHELLS TO BE DELIVERED TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY?

YES IT IS, BUT IT HAD THE FULL APPROVAL OF MR. WRIGHT, ALSO, IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG, INSPECTOR?



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS, HERB? I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN TO BELIEVE YOU'D LET FAULTY SHELLS GO THROUGH, NOW DON'T WORRY—I'LL GET THE BEST LAWYER IN THE COUNTRY ON YOUR SIDE.

YOU'LL WHAT? OF ALL THE DOUBLE CROSSERS, HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME, EMMET? YOU KNOW YOU WERE TO TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS, YOU...

COME ALONG, MR. SWAINE.



"I DIDN'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON, ALTHOUGH WRIGHT VERBALLY OKAYED THAT SHIPMENT, IT WAS MY NAME THAT WAS ON IT AND I WAS A COOKED GOOSE."

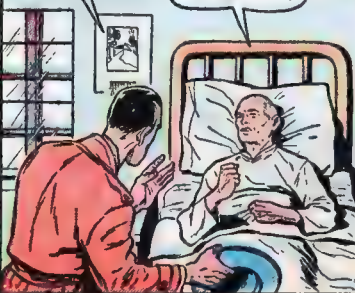
THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS FORMS OF PROFITEERING EVER TO COME BEFORE ME IN MY TWENTY YEARS ON THE BENCH. I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, HERBERT SWAINE, TO THE WILTON PENITENTIARY FOR A PERIOD OF NOT LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS AND NOT MORE THAN FIFTY.

NO, I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU, I'M INNOCENT.



DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE ACTUALLY LET YOU SERVE TIME FOR HIM? THIS IS INCREDIBLE, SWAINE.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, NOBODY HAS, THERE WAS NO REASON FOR ME TO EXPECT YOU WOULD, I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE NOW, MR. JENNINGS, I'M RATHER TIRED.



HOW COULD A SKUNK LIKE WRIGHT GAIN SO MUCH PRESTIGE IN THE COUNTRY? HE MUST HAVE BEEN CLEVER IN GOVERNING UP HIS TRACKS, PERHAPS HIS WIFE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY... AFTER ALL, SHE WAS THE ONE TO SUGGEST THE BIOGRAPHY, I'LL DROP IN ON HER TOMORROW.



"AT THE WRIGHT MANSION, THE FOLLOWING DAY, I FOUND MRS. WRIGHT VERY CONGENIAL. I HAD INTERRUPTED HER IN THE MIDDLE OF PACKING... SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO THEIR FLORIDA ESTATE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS."

"YOU CAUGHT ME JUST IN TIME, MR. JENNINGS! I'M PLANNING ON A VACATION OF SEVERAL WEEKS. IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO ASK ME, YOU'D BETTER BE QUICK ABOUT IT--I HAVE ONLY AN HOUR."

"THIS IS VERY CONSIDERATE OF YOU, MRS. WRIGHT. I'LL TRY TO BE AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE. FIRST OF ALL, I UNDERSTAND IT WAS YOU WHO SUGGESTED HIRING ME TO WRITE YOUR HUSBAND'S BIOGRAPHY. WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE IT WRITTEN?"



COME, COME, MR. JENNINGS. EVERY PROUD WIFE WANTS TO HAVE A BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN ABOUT HER HUSBAND. EMMET HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL-- I JUST WANTED THE WORLD TO KNOW ABOUT HIM. YOU KNOW HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO KIND TO ME...

"HE'D NEVER LET ME GO OUT UNLESS I WAS SUITABLY DRESSED. EMMET WAS SO EFFICIENT IT WAS ONLY NATURAL HE SHOULD WORRY ABOUT MY APPEARANCE... ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS HE REMARKED ABOUT THIS..."

EMILY, I WON'T HAVE YOU GOING OUT IN THAT LOW-CUT GOWN WITH ME. YOU SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE MORE DISCRETION. AFTER ALL, I DO HAPPEN TO BE YOUR HUSBAND."

BUT, EMMET, IT'S THE FASHION. FRANKLY I'M A LITTLE TIRED OF YOU CONTINUALLY BARKING AT ME. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT!"



I HAPEN TO BE THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSEHOLD. CHANGE THAT DRESS OR STAY HOME. REALLY MY DEAR, IT DOESN'T MAKE THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF DIFFERENCE TO ME JUST WHICH YOU DO!"

EMMET!



THEN THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WERE AT THE MARTINS' PARTY. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SOCIAL AFFAIRS AND AGAIN EMMET'S CONSIDERATION FOR ME WAS UNBOUNDED...

NOW, NOW, MY DEAR. I THINK YOU'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH TO DRINK. AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T NIP IT HOME ALL DAY AND HOPE TO GO OUT AND DRINK WITH OTHER PEOPLE ALL EVENING!"

EMMET, PLEASE!



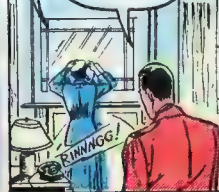
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MY WIFE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I'M SURE YOU ALL REALIZE JUST HOW IT IS. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE HER HOME... I'M AFRAID SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S SAYING."

OH... OH. (SOB. SOB.)



SO YOU SEE, MR. JENNINGS, MY HUSBAND HAS TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION TO MAKE SURE THAT OUR SOCIAL STANDING IS UNQUESTIONABLE. HE'S BEEN SO THOUGHTFUL AND KIND TO ME THAT I THOUGHT IT ONLY FAIR TO HAVE HIS BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN. GRACIOUS, THERE'S THE PHONE. I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!"

MRS. WRIGHT... YOU'RE A BRAVE PERSON."



MR. JENNINGS. I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE. I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT MY HUSBAND'S FORMER BUSINESS PARTNER, HERBERT SWAINE, HAS DIED IN THE WILTON PENITENTIARY."

SWAINE DEAD? WELL, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW. I'LL BE LEAVING, MRS. WRIGHT, AND THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR TIME. IT'S GREATLY APPRECIATED!"



I WORKED NEARLY A WEEK COMPILING WHAT INFORMATION I HAD IN A ROUGH DRAFT ON WRIGHT'S LIFE! I WANTED TO COMPLETE IT AND DELIVER IT PERSONALLY...! COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF HE REALIZED JUST WHAT A SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE WAS REALLY LIKE!



I WENT DIRECTLY TO WRIGHT'S WALL STREET OFFICE AFTER COMPLETING THE DRAFT! HE WAS SMILING WHEN I ENTERED...

WELL, JENNINGS, THAT WAS FAST WORK! I MUST SAY MY WIFE SELECTED A COMPETENT WRITER!

THANK YOU, WRIGHT! OF COURSE, THIS IS ONLY A ROUGH DRAFT, BUT I WANTED TO GET YOUR APPROVAL BEFORE GOING FURTHER!



I'M ALL TIED UP AT THIS TIME! SUPPOSE I READ IT THIS EVENING AND CALL YOU FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THEN YOU CAN GET TO WORK ON THE FINISHED PRODUCT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME! I NEED A LITTLE SLEEP NOW, ANYWAY! THINK I'LL GO HOME AND TAKE A BATH AND GET SOME OF THIS FILTH OFF ME!



"GET SOME OF THIS FILTH OFF ME..." NOW WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THAT?



EMMET WRIGHT FOUND DEAD! SUICIDE OF PRO FINANCIER SHOCKS N

SEPTEMBER 13, 1943

EMMET WRIGHT, THE DECEASED'S WIFE RECEIVED THE DIS- HEARTENING NEWS THIS MORNING WHILE VACATION- ING IN FLORIDA! SHE IS EXPECTED TO RETURN LATE TODAY TO MAKE FUNERAL ARRANGE- MENTS!

EMMET WRIGHT'S UNTIMELY DEATH OCCURRED JUST AS ALBERT JENNINGS, THE NOTED AUTHO WAS PREPARING A BIOGRAPH OF HIS LIFE AT THE REQUEST OF HIS WIFE ET



EMMET

ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1943, THE BODY OF EMMET WRIGHT WAS LOWERED INTO THE EARTH TO PASS ON INTO ETERNITY! THE NATION REMAINED IN A SHOCKED STATE FOR DAYS AND MOURNED THIS PROMINENT, FANTASTICALLY SUCCESSFUL MAN!

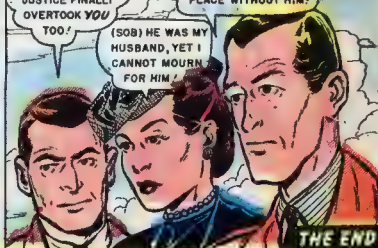


THE GREAT QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S LIPS WAS... WHY DID THIS MAN, WHO HAD DONE SO MUCH FOR MANKIND AND BEEN SO PROSPEROUS, COMMIT SUICIDE? IF ANYONE KNEW THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION, THEIR LIPS WERE SEALED FOREVER! ONLY THOSE WHO READ FILE #612797 SUSPECTED THE REASON... TWO, AND THREE OTHERS...

GOODBYE, EMMET... JUSTICE FINALLY OVERTOOK YOU TOO!

THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE WITHOUT HIM!

(SOB) HE WAS MY HUSBAND, YET I CANNOT MOURN FOR HIM!



THE END

FREE! Big gift offers! Don't miss "Hunting & Fishing" ads in this magazine!

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I'll prove I can make YOU

an "ALL-AROUND"

HE-MAN

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Dept. MC-97

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DANGER



RIDES THE RAILS

ONLY one woman was around the railroad station that night, as old Ed Gallagher took his lantern off the hook and went out to flag the 74 going east.

Quiet night. Just got to get this woman on the 74, and then I can close up for the night, he thought to himself, as he walked out on the platform. Far in the distance he heard the eerie wail of the locomotive's whistle as it came across the valley. Old Ed never ceased to marvel at the differences in the sound of a train whistle, depending on the distance. When the 74 rolled into the station, it would speak with all the authority of its great size, but from far away, it sounded more like a dog baying at the moon than a midnight flyer.

Now, around the bend, he could see the headlight. The beam strengthened as it came into full view, shining down the miles that led in to Jeffersonville. Ed went to the north end and started to wave his signal to the engineer. Jeffersonville was a signal stop, and when he had a passenger for the 74, he had to flag the train. Otherwise, it would shoot through the town without even slowing down. Now there came the hissing sound of the great brakes bringing the monster to a halt, and in a moment, Carl Johanson, a trainman, stepped down from the sleeper car to

exchange a word with Ed. Ed noticed the last car. It was lit up, but the blinds were drawn. This was a *special*—one of those private cars.

Ed looked up at Johanson. "What's the special, Carl?" he asked.

"Very important people," Carl answered, with a sly glance. "I'm not allowed to tell even you. It's some kind of secret government business, and the blinds have been down ever since we left Kansas City. No one's even supposed to know they're on the train."

With such a story, Carl could not resist the temptation to tell his old friend, Ed Gallagher, just a little more.

"They're big shot scientists, on a very important mission to Washington . . . and it's not an easy job to get them there safe."

Ed's old eyes opened a little wider. With a knowing nod of the head, he quickly changed the subject.

"Got one passenger for you, Carl. It's Mrs. Tompkins, from out the valley. Going to Chicago to see her sick daughter. Take good care of her, because she's a fine lady . . ."

Soon they put Mrs. Tompkins on the train, and the 74 chugged out of Jeffersonville. That was the end of Ed's business for that night, and he went back into the station to close up, glad that he was through with a long, long day.

First the main door, then the windows. Ed had a routine for locking up the station house for the night. Last was the ticket office, where he kept his cash, and where the telegraph machine was installed. But, tonight, the telegraph was signaling for Ed's attention!

Ed ran to the machine and quickly tapped out the acknowledgment that he was on duty.

Back came the message: "Special car 6794 riding 74 east has defective coupling. Have detached at Jeffersonville. Watkins East Elwood."

Ed stared in disbelief. A defective coupling. A sure wreck on the stretch leading into the mountains. No defective coupling could ever withstand those hills and fast curves. He began tapping furiously to Arthurtown, the next station on the line, and the last before the dangerous stretch. The 74 should take thirty-seven minutes between Jeffersonville and Arthurtown. There was plenty of time, if only Hawkins was awake. Hawkins was the Arthurtown station master, but if he had no passengers for the 74, there was no reason for him to stay on duty. Ed tapped furiously:

"Hold 74. Detach special 6794. Acknowledge. Gallagher."

He repeated the message. There was no answer. Hawkins was not at the machine. Mean-

time the 74 was roaring eastward toward Hawkin's station, and from there . . .

Ed was frantic. He wired the state police. They had radio patrol cars somewhere along the highways, but there was no telling where. The captain sent out a call to all cars. Perhaps, Ed hoped, there would be one somewhere in the vicinity of the 74, and they could signal the train to stop. But, the answer came back:

" . . . nearest car we have is Jeffersonville. It'll never catch that train . . ."

Another hope gone. Old Ed was all alone. There was no one to help him telephone and wire. Again he went to the machine to try tapping Hawkins awake.

"Jeffersonville calling Arthurtown. Jeffersonville calling Arthurtown. Acknowledge."

Still there was no answer.

Another call to the state police told Ed that the captain had sent out a car, even though it seemed futile.

His confusion was apparent, as Ed wired back to Watkins at East Elwood:

" . . . What are details? Cannot get Arthurtown. Sent state police, but believe they are too late. What caused trouble?"

Ed received the shock of his life when he heard the answer. In dots and dashes, over the ancient machine, came the one word:

"Sabotage!"

"Did you catch them?" Ed asked.

"Got them here, under police

guard. Mean-looking crew."

Ed broke his communication with East Elwood to try Arthurtown again. Still no answer from Hawkins. Ed was frantic. He didn't know any other way he could get in touch with the 74. He hoped that it would run slow enough for the police to signal them, but there was slight hope for that. It was a flat stretch from Jeffersonville to the mountains, and it wasn't likely that anything could stop the train.



Again he tried Hawkins. Again no answer.

"Any ideas?" he wired back to East Elwood.

"Don't know anything you can do."

Ed sat back resigned to the bad news that he knew was coming soon. It was now almost time for the train to be pulling out of Arthurtown. If there was no stop there, it would be but a matter of minutes before the train took to the mountains. There, on an upgrade, the

coupling might jar loose, and the special car would roll backward at breakneck speed, until it left the track. There was now practically no hope for the lives of the men in that car.

The wire started to jangle again.

It was Hawkins in Arthurtown!

"Found the signal light on. Were you trying to get me?"

"Urgent. Urgent," Ed answered, "stop 74. Sure wreck if you don't!"

"Too late. She just pulled out."

Oh, no! This was too much. To get Hawkins finally, only to discover it was too late. Ed hung his head and waited to hear from the state police that the train had crashed. He waited, disconsolate, waited, waited—until the ringing of the telephone aroused him. It was the state police.

"Your train is safe!"

Ed was swept with excitement.

"How? I missed it at Arthurtown."

"But fate didn't," came back the answer. "The engineer pulled out of Arthurtown too fast, to make up time for the stops he made tonight, and he jarred the car loose, perfectly safe, just outside the station. And, Hawkins didn't even know they were still there, that they hadn't even got out of town . . ."

"Thanks," Ed wired back. "Glad they're safe."

He finished locking up the station and went to bed. It had been a long, long day.

THE END

5905



REVENGE IS OFTEN ONE OF THE STRONGEST MOTIVES FOR CRIME! IN 1700, IN CARCASSONE, ONE OF THE LITTLE-TRAVELLED PROVINCES OF SOUTHERN FRANCE, A LEGEND WAS BORN... THE LEGEND OF A SERVANT WITH A TWISTED MIND, WHO WAITED 14 YEARS FOR REVENGE... AND WHILE HE WAITED, HE FASHIONED THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING PUPPETS... PUPPETS CONTROLLED BY A STRANGE MOTOR WHICH ONLY HE COULD OPERATE... PUPPETS WHICH HAD BUT ONE MOTIVE -- TO KILL AND DESTROY!

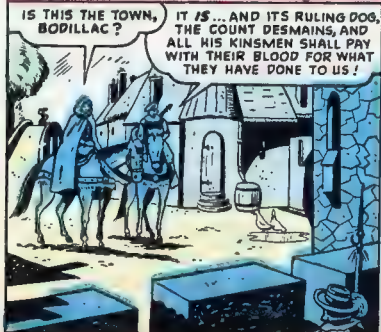
THE REVENGE OF KARKEDON!

5919



IN THE YEAR 1700 AN ARAB PRINCESS, THE FORMER RULER OF CARCASSONE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, WAS BURNED AS A WITCH BY THE COUNT DESMAINS WHO SEIZED HER FORTRESS! SHE LEFT TWO CHILDREN -- A BOY NAMED BODILLAC AND A GIRL NAMED MARGUERITE -- AND A FAITHFUL AND FANATICAL SERVANT, KARKEDON, THE HUNCHBACK!

A FEW YEARS LATER, A TRAVELING MINSTREL AND HIS PRETTY SISTER RODE INTO CARCASSONE!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

IN FAR OFF ARABIA, THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCESS WERE RAISED BY A MAGICIAN WHO TAUGHT THEM TO HATE THE CRUEL COUNT DESMAINS WITH THEIR HEARTS' MOST DEADLY BITTERNESS!

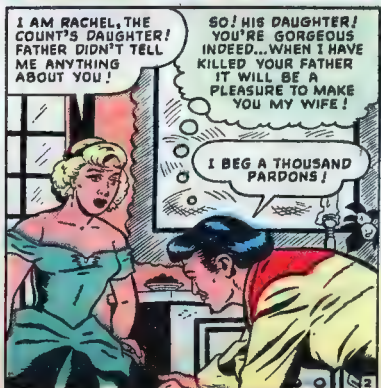
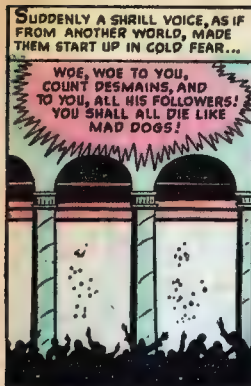
BODILLAC, I HAVE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO ACT AS A MINSTREL... AND YOU, MARGUERITE, I HAVE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SCREAM WITH A SUPERNATURAL VOICE, WITHOUT OPENING YOUR MOUTH! SOON YOU WILL BE READY TO RETURN TO CARCASSONE... AND VENGEANCE!



WHEN THEY ARRIVED IN TOWN, THE COUNT DESMAINS WAS ENTERTAINING HIS FRIENDS...

BY HEAVEN, THIS TRAVELING MINSTREL IS THE BEST MUSICIAN I HAVE EVER HEARD! AND HIS SISTER... LOOK AT HER... SHE SEEMS HYPNOTIZED!





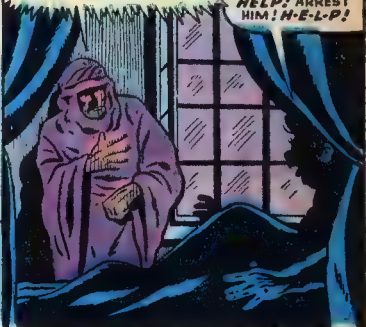
FROM THAT DAY ON BEGAN A REIGN OF TERROR,
TURNING DREAMS INTO NIGHTMARES! IT WAS
DEEP IN THE NIGHT WHEN COUNT DESMAINS...

WHAT... WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT A GHOST!
SPEAK UP, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!



WOE, WOE TO YOU, DESMAINS--
YOU'LL PERISH LIKE A DOG!

THAT SAME
GHOSTLY VOICE...
HELP! ARREST
HIM! H-E-L-P!



THERE... THERE...
HE... HE'S...
VANISHED
THROUGH THE
WALL! AN OLD
ARAB WITH
THAT PIERCING
VOICE...

BUT, FATHER,
THERE'S NO ONE
HERE! YOU'VE
HAD A
NIGHTMARE!
PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER,
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE!



A WEEK LATER THE TERROR GREW!

EVERYONE IN THE
CASTLE HAS GONE
CRAZY! EVEN MY
BROTHER PHILLIP
CLAIMS TO HAVE
SEEN THE STRANGE
APPARITION!

YES, AND
I DON'T
LIKE HIS
GOING
ABOUT IN
SEARCH OF
IT ALONE!



MASTER!
MASTER!
YOUR SON...
KILLED!
SLAIN BY
STRANGE
MONSTERS
BESIDE THE
CASTLE
WALL!

PHILLIP!
MY SON...
MURDERED!
CALL OUT THE
GUARD-- I'LL
HAVE SOMEONE'S
BLOOD FOR
THIS!



I'LL HAVE THESE KILLERS
DRAWN AND QUARTERED!
WHO SAID THEY LOOKED
LIKE BEASTLY
MONSTERS?

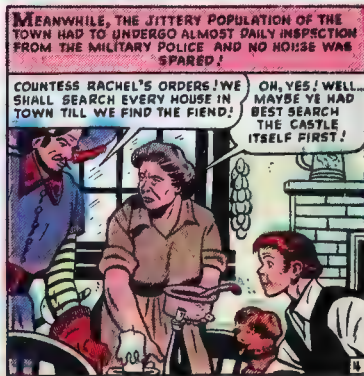
MASTER, WE SAW
THEM RUNNING
AWAY! THEY
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MEN... THEY
LOOKED LIKE HUGE,
HAIRY SPIDERS!

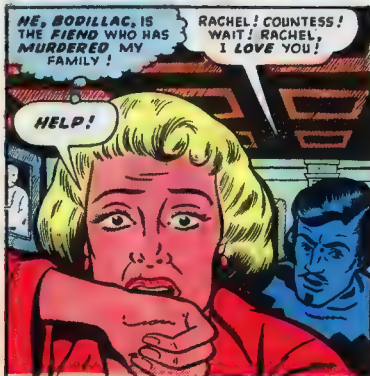
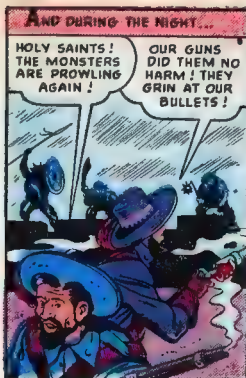


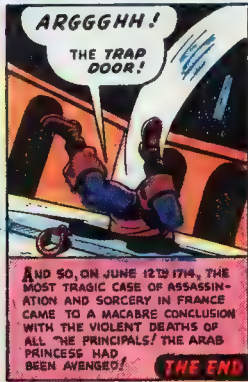
IN THE NEXT MOMENT, A FRENZIED VOICE
CRIED: "THERE THEY ARE," AND...

HELP! DON'T GO
NEAR THEM, SIRE--
THEY'LL KILL
YOU TOO!









THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "LITTLE CRIME!" A CRIME IS LIKE A SNOW-BALL ROLLING DOWNHILL... IT GROWS AND GROWS AS TIME GOES BY, UNTIL IT CANNOT BE CONTROLLED! IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, IN MAY, 1947, DON CORBY, A YOUNG WAR VETERAN, COMMITTED HIS FIRST CRIME! WOULD HE BE ABLE TO STOP HIMSELF AND PAY THE PRICE, OR WOULD HE CONTINUE DOWN THE TRAGIC ROAD OF CRIME UNTIL HE WOULD FINALLY BECOME A...

"KILLER AT LARGE!"

5644



BASED ON
A
TRUE
STORY!

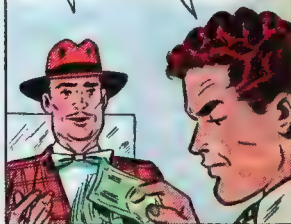
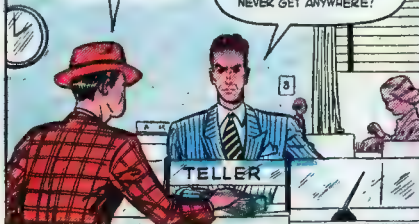
DON CORBY HAD A NICE JOB AS TELLER IN THE DIXON SAVINGS BANK... A LOVELY FIANCEE... AND A BRIGHT FUTURE! DESPITE ALL THAT, IN MAY, 1947, HE WAS BEYOND HATING THE WORLD.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DON? YOU LOOK PEEVED! NOT SICK, ARE YUH?

YEAH, I'M SICK OF WORKING IN THIS BLASTED BANK! A FELLOW COULD WORK HERE FOREVER AND NEVER GET ANYWHERE!

QUIT THE JOB AND PLAY THE NASS LIKE I DO! THERE'S FOUR GRAND THERE I MADE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON! EASY PICKINGS, KID!

MORE THAN I MAKE IN A YEAR! IF I COULD HIT A FEW WINNERS LIKE THAT, MARY AND I COULD GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!



YES, DON CORBY WAS IMPATIENT! BUT MARY BYRNES WAS WILLING TO WAIT AND SAVE FOR THEIR FUTURE...

HERE, DON... SIX MORE DOLLARS FOR OUR WEDDING! WHAT'S THE MATTER, MONEY... HAVE YOU GOT THE BLUES AGAIN?

WHY SHOULDN'T I? WAIT! SAVE! BITSY BRUNO MAKES THOUSANDS WHILE I WORK FOR HERE NICKELS!



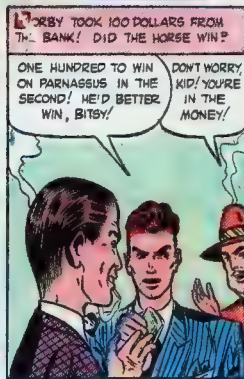
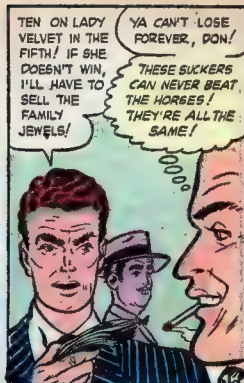
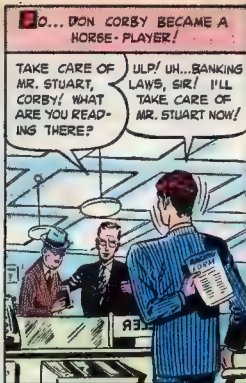
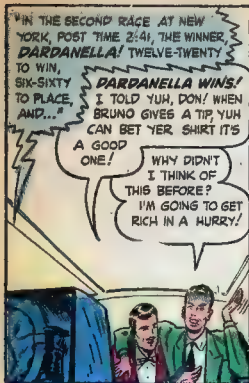
NEXT DAY...

I WON'T EAT LUNCH FOR A WEEK IF HE LOSES! WELL, I EAT TOO MUCH ANYHOW... I'M SICK OF PINCHING PENNIES!

I KNEW YOU'D SMARTEN UP, CORBY! PUT A FIN ON DARDANELLA IN THE SECOND AT NEW YORK! IT'S A SURE THING!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS
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CORBY WAS IN A SPOT...ON MAY 15TH, HE TOOK THE NEXT STEP DOWN...

MARY PUT ME OUT WHEN I TOLD HER I GAMBLLED AWAY MY SAVINGS! I HAVE TO GET MONEY FAST!

CHEER UP, DON, OUR SHIP IS IN! I JUST GOT A WIRE FROM A GUY WITH A FOURTEEN CARAT WINNER!

HELLO, BITSY!

BIG SAM UP AT NARRAGANSETT! I'M GONNA BET EVERYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON! YOU GONNA BET?

I HAVEN'T GOT A BUTTON!

I HAVE FIVE THOUSAND IN THE CASH BOX! I'D BE ON EASY STREET!

I'LL BE DOWN AT LUNCH TIME...I'M BETTIN' PLENTY!

THE FOURTH RACE AT NARRAGANSETT...BIG SAM RAN FIFTH!

WELL, WE LOSE AGAIN! I DROPPED EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ON THAT DOG!

I LOST FIVE THOUSAND... BUT I LOST MY JOB AND MY GIRL WITH IT! MARY WILL NEVER MARRY ME NOW!

LET'S GET MARRIED SOON, DON! I HAVE ENOUGH NOW! WE CAN SET THE DATE FOR TWO WEEKS FROM NOW!

IT CAN'T BE TOO SOON FOR ME, HONEY!

ON CORBY SUCCESSFULLY HID HIS WORRIES WHEN HE WAS WITH HIS FIANCEE, BUT HE KNEW HIS ACT COULDN'T HOLD UP FOR LONG!

SHE EXPECTS TO GET MARRIED AND I AGREED! I OWE THE BANK FIVE THOUSAND AND I HAVEN'T GOT A NICKEL! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FAST OR I'LL LOSE HER!

HELLO, BRUNO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I GOT GOOD NEWS, KID! THAT WIRE I GOT WAS FOR THE RIGHT HORSE, BUT THE WRONG PAY! HE'LL WIN THE NEXT TIME AND PAY GOOD ODDS!

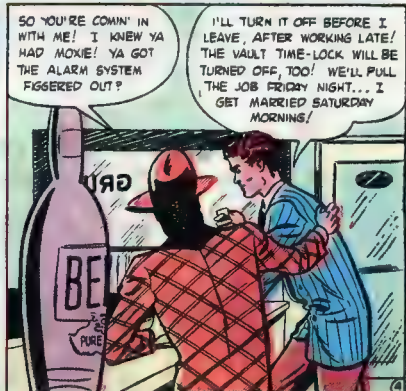
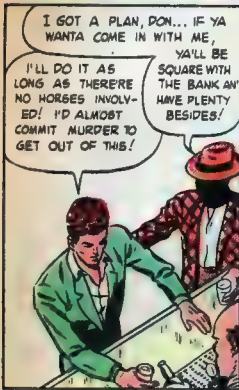
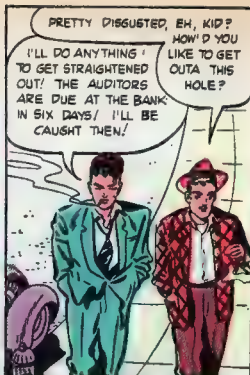
NO KIDDIN', DON! IT WAS A MISTAKE, BUT IT'S OKAY NOW! THE HORSE'LL PAY AT LEAST FIVE TO ONE! WE'LL MAKE PLENTY!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BITSY! I CAN'T BE ANY WORSE OFF THAN I AM NOW! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!

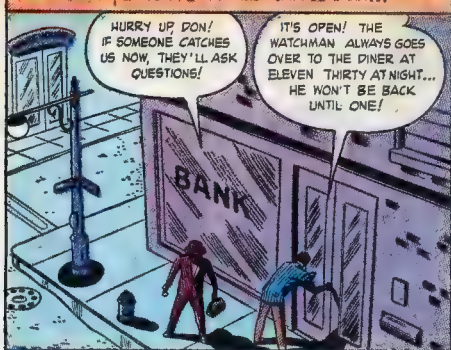
ON CORBY BET FIVE THOUSAND MORE ON BIG SAM! BIG SAM RAN LAST!

I'M SORRY, KID! WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO NOW?

I OUGHT TO BEAT YOU TO A PULP! I'M OVER TEN THOUSAND SHORT AT THE BANK AND MARY THINKS WE'RE GETTING MARRIED SOON... I'M SUNK!



AT MIDNIGHT, FRIDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1947, DON CORBY AND BITSY BRUNO MET OUTSIDE THE PIXON SAVINGS BANK...



HURRY UP, DON!
IF SOMEONE CATCHES
US NOW, THEY'LL ASK
QUESTIONS!

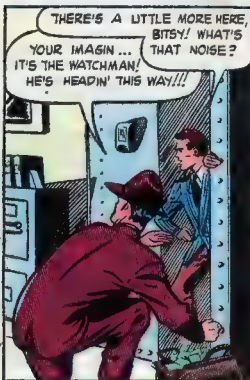
IT'S OPEN! THE
WATCHMAN ALWAYS GOES
OVER TO THE DINER AT
ELEVEN THIRTY AT NIGHT...
HE WON'T BE BACK
UNTIL ONE!

YOU'RE SLICK, CORBY!
I HOPE THERE'S PLENTY
OF CABBAGE IN THERE!

ABOUT NINETY
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

IT'S ALL OURS...

I'LL HAND YOU THE
MONEY AND YOU
STUFF IT IN THE
SATCHEL!



THERE'S A LITTLE MORE HERE,
BITSY! WHAT'S
YOUR IMAGIN ... THAT NOISE?
IT'S THE WATCHMAN!
HE'S HEADIN' THIS WAY!!!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON
HERE? OH...IT'S
YOU, MR. CORBY!
WHAT'RE YUH
DOIN' HERE AT
THIS HOUR?

I HAD SOME
BUSINESS I
FORGOT ABOUT
TODAY!



I'M SORRY, MR.
CORBY, I'LL HAVE
TO CALL THE
POLICE...
UNGH!!

YOU WON'T DO
NOTHIN', POP!
YOU'RE TAKIN'
A NICE LONG NAP!

DON'T HIT
HIM TOO
HARD,
BITSY!



CUT IT OUT, BITSY! HE'S KNOCKED
OUT ALREADY!!
HE'LL BE ON
A SLAB IN THE MORGUE
WHEN I'M THROUGH!!
UNLESS I FINISH
HIM, WE'LL BOTH
WIND UP IN STIR!



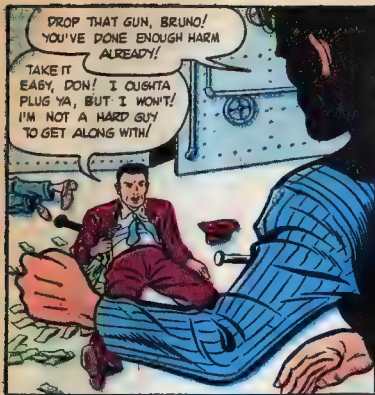
DON'T GO SOFT
NOW, KID! IF
I DON'T KNOCK
'IM OFF, HE'LL
SQUEAL! HEY!
LEGGO!

I'D RATHER GO TO
PRISON THAN SEE
OLD POP KILLED
THIS WAY! GET
AWAY FROM HIM!



I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF
TOO IF YA DON'T...
DOOMP!

I TOLD
YOU TO
LAY OFF
THE OLD MAN!



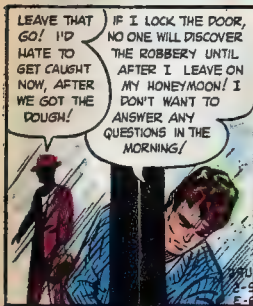
DROP THAT GUN, BRUNO!
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH HARM
ALREADY!

TAKE IT
EASY, DON! I OUGHTA
PLUG YA, BUT I WON'T!
I'M NOT A HARD GUY
TO GET ALONG WITH!



I STILL DON'T LIKE MURDER, BRUNO!! YOU
PROBABLY KILLED THE WATCHMAN!

IT WUZ
HIM OR ME, KID! LOOK...WE
GOT THE DOUGH...LET'S GET
OUTTA HERE! NO SENSE IN
FIGHTING BETWEEN OURSELVES!
WE'RE **RICH** NOW!!!



LEAVE THAT
GO! I'D
HATE TO
GET CAUGHT
NOW, AFTER
WE GOT THE
DOUGH!

IF I LOCK THE DOOR,
NO ONE WILL DISCOVER
THE ROBBERY UNTIL
AFTER I LEAVE ON
MY HONEYMOON! I
DON'T WANT TO
ANSWER ANY
QUESTIONS IN THE
MORNING!

THE TWO WALKED OUT OF THE
DIXON SAVINGS BANK WITH NINETY-
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! THE
WATCHMAN DIED THAT NIGHT...



HOW ABOUT THE SPLIT, BRUNO?
WE CAN'T DO IT TONIGHT AND
I'M LEAVING ON
MY HONEYMOON
IN THE MORNING!

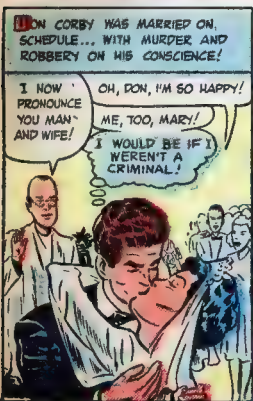
YOU TAKE IT
WITH YOU! I'LL
MEET YOU AT THE
BLANDFORD HOTEL
TOMORROW NIGHT AND
WE'LL DO IT THEN!



OKAY, BITSY! SEE YOU THEN!
WISH ME LUCK!

SURE, KID!

IF THEY DISCOVER
THE ROBBERY AHEAD
OF TIME, HE'S HOLDIN'
THE BAG! THIS TOWN
WILL BE JUMPIN' WHEN
THEY DISCOVER THE
WATCHMAN'S BODY!



DON CORBY WAS MARRIED ON
SCHEDULE... WITH MURDER AND
ROBBERY ON HIS CONSCIENCE!

I NOW
PRONOUNCE
YOU MAN
AND WIFE!

OH, DON, I'M SO HAPPY!

ME, TOO, MARY!

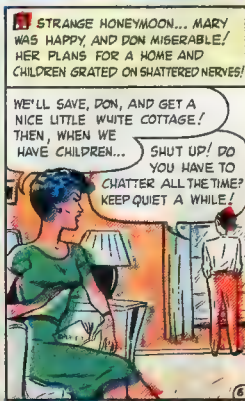
I WOULD BE IF I
WEREN'T A
CRIMINAL!



CONGRATULATIONS, DON!
WHERE ARE YOU DRIVING
ON YOUR HONEYMOON?

NIAGARA
FALLS!
WE'LL
STOP AT
BLANDFORD TONIGHT!

HURRY,
DARLING!

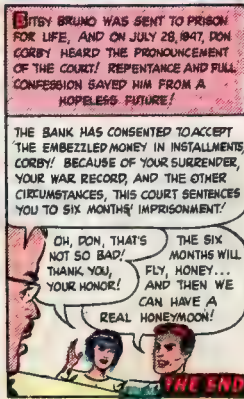
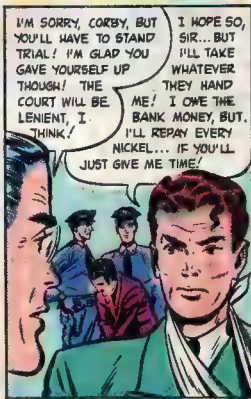
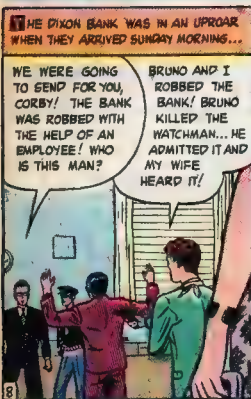
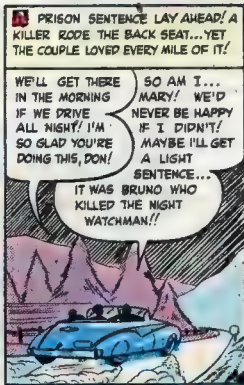


STRANGE HONEYMOON... MARY
WAS HAPPY, AND DON MISERABLE!
HER PLANS FOR A HOME AND
CHILDREN GRATED ON SHATTERED NERVES!

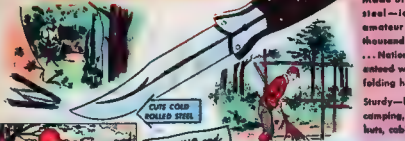
WE'LL SAVE, DON, AND GET A
NICE LITTLE WHITE COTTAGE!
THEN, WHEN WE
HAVE CHILDREN...

SHUT UP! DO
YOU HAVE TO
CHATTER ALL THE TIME?
KEEP QUIET A WHILE!





Get this **SAF-T-SHEATH** HUNTING KNIFE



CUTS COLD
ROLLED STEEL

HUNTING and
FISHING BRINGS
THE SPORTSMAN
WHAT HE WANTS
TO KNOW ON
HOW TO...

GENUINE TOOL-STEEL

Made of superb, super-hardened steel—ideal for the woodsman, amateur or professional—Over a thousand uses...cuts cold rolled steel...Nationally advertised and guaranteed with new type SAF-T-SHEATH folding handle.

Sturdy—handy—excellent for picnics, camping, fishing, hunting, building huts, cabins, rafts and models.

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OR, FOR THREE COUPONS
we'll send you

THE MARINE CORPS KNIFE
AND THE SUN GLASSES



OR, FOR FOUR OR FIVE COUPONS
we'll send you

THE GENUINE SAF-T-SHEATH
HUNTING KNIFE



OR, FOR ALL SIX COUPONS
we'll send you

ALL THREE BIG GIFTS—
THE MARINE CORPS KNIFE,
THE AIR FORCE TYPE
SUN GLASSES, AND
THE SAF-T-SHEATH KNIFE.



YOUR GIFTS WILL BE SENT YOU
WITHIN TO DAYS AFTER WE RECEIVE
YOUR COUPON-SUBSCRIPTIONS

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A quality product, manufactured to exacting standards.

"NAVIGATOR" MILIT-AIR SUN GLASSES



"NAVIGATOR"—Milit-air sun glasses are guaranteed. A written guarantee comes to you with each pair. This guarantee is good for LIFE.

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and
FISHING**
GIVES THE LATEST
POPS EVERY MONTH
ON

"WHERE TO" ... go for the best sport ... get out-of-state licenses ... buy new equipment for less ... have worn or damaged equipment repaired (or how to do it yourself) ... find out about camping rights all over the country.



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Boston 16, Massachusetts

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FOR ONE COUPON

we'll send you the

OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS KNIFE

COUPON

OR, FOR TWO COUPONS

we'll send you the

AIR FORCE TYPE SUN GLASSES,
complete with Leatherette Case

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Literally hundreds of uses make this knife an indispensable tool once it's in your hands. Used by the most rugged branch of the armed forces... built to take heavy punishment... last for years. Leathernecks swear by it.

Three chrome vanadium steel blades—Master Spear, Spay, and Pen—hold a sharp edge... are readily resharpened. Rust-proof, scratch-proof handle. Wonderful for tool box, tackle box, or hunting jacket.

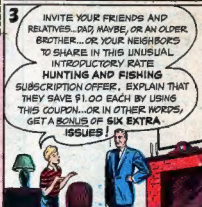
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EVERY ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE CARRIES A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WITH AREAS INDICATED WHERE THE SPORTSMAN MAY LEGALLY TAKE GAME, FISH AND BIRD GAME FOR THAT MONTH.



HUNTING and FISHING ADVISES THE MAN OF THE OUTDOORS...

"WHEN TO"... use a fishing plug or a fly, or a strip of bacon for bait... go fresh water fishing... go deep sea fishing... hunt for deer... hunt for 'coon... use a .30-30 caliber instead of a .30-06.



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**OFFICIAL
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- Three chrome vanadium steel blades
- Stainless steel handle—embossed, rust proof
- Brass-lined with nickel silver rivets
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2

**"NAVIGATOR" MILIT-AIR
U.S. Army Air Force Type
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- High standard of "Chromatic" absorption — protects eyes against harmful ultra-violet and infra-red rays.
- Plastic Brow Bar and Self-adjusting Nose Pads
- Gold Finish frames
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**GENUINE
SAF-T-SHEATH
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- Koen, super-hardener steel blade
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WHETHER
OVERWEIGHT

WHETHER OVERWEIGHT

10 Pounds or 100 Pounds

Good news for fat people! Now take off up to 7 pounds the first week without danger to health! If you are a normally healthy man or woman, the medically proven Protam Plan will do wonders for your appearance, even if you have been burdened with unwanted fat for years! (Illness excepted.)



**MEDICAL RESEARCH
PROVES PROTAM PLAN
IS TWICE AS EFFECTIVE
AS 1200-CALORIE DIET!**

More than 100 overweight men and women were scientifically studied under average home conditions for many months by a world-famous medical university, large New York hospital, and a nationally known medical consultant. Their research proved Protam is SAFE. While following the Protam Plan, weight-loss was indicated from the very first week. Weekly examinations showed no harmful effects while reducing. Over a period of 33 weeks the weight loss under the Protam Plan was double that achieved by 1200-calorie diet in the same period of time! Here's how Protam, works: it appeases the appetite to eliminate the hardship of reducing, and supplements the system with proteins and amino acids for long lasting energy.

READ HOW OTHERS
LOST UNWANTED FAT

A SATISFACTORY PLAN—"Protein is a reducing plan that has been satisfactory with me."—Mrs. B. M. Santa Rosa, Calif.

USED 1/2 CAN AND FEELS BETTER—"I can't send praise enough for how much better I feel since taking just 1/2 can of Procam."—Mrs. E. W. Greenrich, Ohio

MORE ENERGY—"Have lost at least 5 lbs. a week. My, I feel so much better and have more energy and strength to do my work."—Mrs. E. P.

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**You Can LOSE
up to 16 Pounds**

for Less Than \$ **2⁵⁰**

8 oz. PROTAM package sufficient for up to 30 day supply.

LOSE ugly fat now! See the difference in your appearance within a few days... at a cost less than you ever thought possible! The Protam Plan is sensible and sensibly priced! No sugar-coated pills... no drugs... no massage... no expensive food menus. For just a few dollars you may lose all your excess fat. And once down to normal the Protam Plan helps you retain your newfound slenderness as long as you like for only a few pennies a day!



PROTAM PLAN Oxidizes Excess Fat Up to 7 Pounds in One Week

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